THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCV.—No. 1229

JULY 6, 1927

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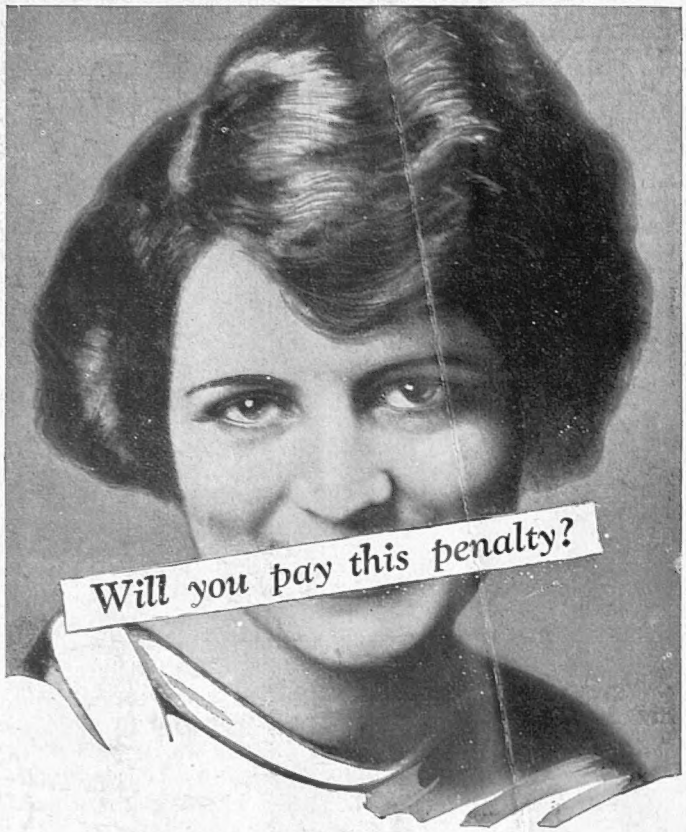

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'STANDARD' SUPERSTITIONS.

May an unlucky month for Weddings.

The common superstition that May is an unlucky month for Weddings is traceable to an old Roman belief. In ancient Rome the month of May was set apart for the festivals of Bona Dea, and the feasts of the dead. Consequently a wedding effected in that month was considered as violating the spirit of the month and of antagonising the Goddess, thus bringing bad luck.

Whatever month is selected for the wedding, the best talisman of good luck for the future of the new home which the bridegroom can bring is a substantial Life Policy, and there is no better policy for the purpose than

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The Bystander, July 6, 1927 No. 1229 Vol. XCV

The BYSTANDER

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

FAMOUS JOCKEYS—No. 6—HARRY WRAGG

Sir Victor Sassoon, for whom he rode Hot Night in the Derby, has first claim on the services of this excellent jockey, who has rapidly secured a place among the leaders of his profession

Special Prints of this drawing may be obtained from the Publisher, 6, Great New Street, E.C.4, for 10/6, or Artist's Signed Proofs with remarque for £1 1 0

BY PETER

SUR LA PLAGE DE DEAUVILLE

Quite apart from the attractions of the Plage and the sea, Deauville offers a vast variety of entertainment and amusements during the season. Golf and lawn tennis are in full swing every day and, in addition, regattas, fencing tournaments, polo, racing, motor racing, fashion displays and horse shows have all been arranged for the benefit of visitors to this popular "playground" of France

A GIRL GUIDES REVIEW *G.P.U.*

Princess Mary photographed reviewing the Girl Guides at Papworth, Cambridgeshire. This was during her recent visit to the Papworth Settlement for invalid ex-servicemen

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

By THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Home Again

IF London skies were ungraciously dull and sent down a deluge of rain just at the very moment of the Duke and Duchess of York's drive from Victoria to Buckingham Palace they made no tittle of difference to the warmth and affection of London's greeting. Nobody seemed to mind the rain at all.

Looking down on the serried rows of umbrellas in the Mall, whose holders had stood for several hours, and seeing the rain come down upon them " like slate pencils," as we used to say in the days of our childhood, your Bystander asked himself this question: " Is it affectionate loyalty or is it just curiosity that brings these thousands of people here and makes them endure this discomfort? "

When the four-horsed carriage with its prancing outriders and its preceding escort of Guards went past my question was answered. Curiosity doesn't make people already half wet through cheer, and wave handkerchiefs and umbrellas in the rain to a young man in naval uniform and a young woman with radiant blue eyes and a fascinating smile. If they were only curious they would either go away when they began to get damp, or be inarticulate if they remained on because their curiosity was stronger than their dislike of wet garments.

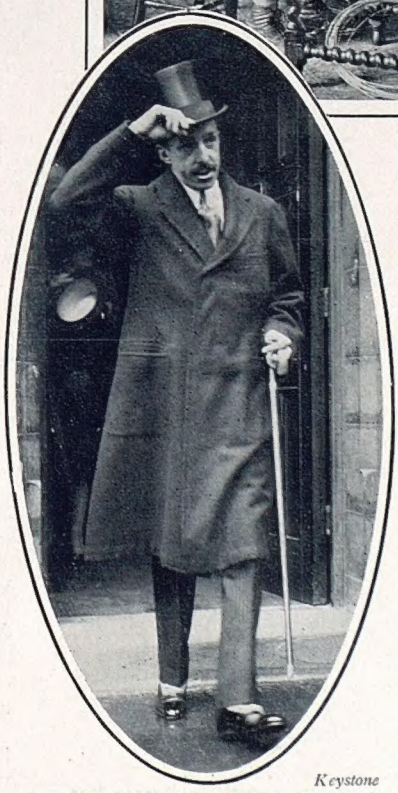
The rain came down and down viciously, hissing and leaping on the broad stretch of the Mall, but not one umbrella budged, and when the Duke and Duchess went by we forgot the rain in the cheering and the enthusiasm.

One can understand how inexplicable this sort of thing is to Soviet Russia. The present rulers of Russia reign by terror and murder. Close ties of affection between a people and its ruling house are beyond their comprehension.

To your Bystander one of the most indicative signs in English life to-day is the public interest in the Monarchy and all that belongs to the Monarchy. But it is more than interest that calls the Sovereign and his family on to the balcony of their palace after some great ceremonial to

THE QUEEN AT MALL HOUSE *I.B.*

Her Majesty the Queen photographed during her visit to the private view of the Not Forgotten Association's exhibition of disabled soldiers' work. This was held at Mall House, Admiralty Arch



Keystone

THE SPANISH ROYAL VISIT

The King of Spain photographed leaving St. James's Church, Spanish Place, after morning service. King Alfonso arrived in England recently on a visit

answer the clamorous greetings of the people.

So many ignorant, so many intelligent people to-day play with the idea of revolution. Well, they can talk hot air in Hyde Park and in Mayfair drawing-rooms, in nearer Peckham and farther Glasgow, but so long as thousands of people will wait for hours in rain and discomfort to see the return of a son of the King and his wife from an Empire mission, and gather in thousands in front of Buckingham Palace to see that happy family reunion, well—they can go on talking their hot air as much as they like, or go to Russia without passports.

A. Corbett

LORD HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM

A studio portrait of the elder son of the Earl of Effingham, who succeeded to the title on the death of his cousin, the fourth earl, last May. The new earl is an officer in the Lancaster Yeomanry

"Lady X's Motor Blocks the Way"

I WONDER if I may venture a word of advice to hostesses who give prodigiously big parties?

Last week the Duchess of Sutherland gave a huge party at Hampden House "to meet the Prime Minister." I won't vouch for the numbers, but somebody said two thousand people were there. Whatever the number, the big rooms were all crowded and the hard tennis courts at the back had likewise been covered by a marquee.

Of course there was a squash, but then parties of this kind always are a squash, and I think people would be surprised if they hadn't to elbow their way through the rooms when they wanted to move. But the getting away was quite another matter. One wasn't squashed. One was wedged in a mass of humanity.

The hall at Hampden House is not a big one. It is long and narrow, with a short staircase leading directly to the drawing-room. Soon after eleven o'clock the narrow hall was one solid jam of people, many of whom were vainly endeavouring to get to the front door when their cars were called. People kept on pouring down the staircase, so to relieve the squash a back entrance was opened. Through that many of us found escape, but I heard afterwards of people wandering from the back door to the front door in fruitless search of their cars.

I heard, too, that some folks had to wait until one o'clock for their cars.

At Buckingham Palace for the thousand guests at each Court most careful arrangements are made for the calling of cars. Why shouldn't hostesses follow the same plan for big parties? It is only a matter of arrangement for parking with the police; a temporary telephone installation, and a card with the name of the owner of the car given to a footman—or a commissionaire if they choose to engage one—on arrival. For the Courts the cars are parked in alphabetical order. This should be quite simple in the streets surrounding a house—that is, of course, by arrangement with the police.

At Hampden House, at the moment I was reflecting that if I perished in the squash, sank down into the cellar, and was dug up hundreds of years hence, I should doubtless be considered as a fossil—bearing the profound imprint of a capacious lady in front of me—I heard a man on my left say to his wife:

"This is one of the moments in life when one regrets having been well brought up. If I hadn't been, I should swear horribly."

She said, "Darling, I've done it for you—under my breath."

Hay Wrightson

MISS ROSEMARY MACPHERSON

The younger daughter of the late Capt. and Mrs. Duncan Macpherson, of Queen Camel, Somerset. Miss Macpherson, who is to marry Mr. H. L. M. Cotter, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Harwood Cotter, of West Coker, is a keen follower of the Blackmore Vale

Dorothy Wilding

THE BRIDE OF THE WEEK

Miss Mathilde Houghton, daughter of His Excellency the American Ambassador. Her marriage to Mr. Chandler P. Anderson takes place to-morrow, Thursday

The Problem of the Uninvited Guest

I THINK I have told you this verse before:—

"There was a young man so benighted,
Who never knew when he was slighted,
He would go to a party and eat just as hearty,
As though he'd been really invited."

But it comes in very *à propos* of the bitter complaints one hears on all sides from hostesses this season.

Weddings, we know, have long been the happy hunting ground of elderly women whose odd mentality takes satisfaction in going to the marriage, and the after-reception, of people they don't know from Adam, and where they don't know a single person

amongst the guests. But this Season there has been a positive epidemic of young men and young women going to evening parties and dances—especially dances—to which they have not been invited.

Whilst one sympathises with a distracted hostess who learns that the supper has been devoured before half her guests have been able to get into the supper-room—this actually happened a week or so ago, through the locust-like capability of dozens of uninvited guests—one cannot help feeling that hostesses have really dug this pit for themselves. These requests to girls to bring partners, which shocked the older-fashioned folk so profoundly, began the trouble. Now, although the let-what-young-man-come-who-chooses is not so much the order of the dance as it used to be, still if any interloper is challenged he has the answer that he was asked to "partner a lady."

The Only Way

THERE'S another point which weakens the dance hostess's position against the attacks of the uninvited. Apparently, invitations in these days of grace, wireless, the Charleston, and cross-Atlantic flights, are not considered sufficient. The dates of private dances must be given in the newspapers—some of them a couple of months before they take place. Well, this is a happy hunting ground for those whose passion in life is to go where they are not invited.

The only answer to this invasion of the uninvited is the request—which so many hostesses are making now—that you take your invitation card with you. Added to this there must be strict injunctions to the servants to refuse admittance to anybody—no matter whom they say they are—unless the card is produced.

The Duchess of Sutherland has led the way by insisting on the production of invitation cards at her parties and dances.

"Talking Titles"

MYSELF, I think it shabby and unfair when older people snub young people and make them look ridiculous. But there are occasions when it is not only justifiable, but absolutely demanded. A young man—one of that increasing number of young folk who "talk titles" until you long to hear them mention someone with a plain "Mr." or "Mrs." before their name, just as a little change—had been holding forth at a luncheon party about the truly great and highly-placed.

The elderly woman, rather dowdily dressed, to whom he had been talking, chanced to be related to several of the people whose names he had mentioned with the assumption of an entirely unwarranted knowledge. She turned to him, and after a real Spitzbergen stare through her lorgnette, said:

"Young man, why don't you write an article for the *Sunday Scratch* on 'Dukes and Duchesses I Have Never Met'? The public, I believe, likes that sort of thing. I don't!"

Many Houses

DURING his flying visit last week to Lancashire and Cumberland and Westmorland, the Prince of Wales stayed at Muncaster Castle at Ravenglass. Muncaster was left to Sir John Ramsden ten years ago by the last Lord Muncaster, whose mother was a daughter of a former Ramsden baronet. Sir John is one of those unenviable people in these days of heavy taxation who have houses and estates scattered up and down the country. Besides Muncaster, he has Bulstrode Park at Gerrard's Cross, which was brought into his family by his mother, Lady Gwendolen Ramsden, the heiress of a former Duke of Somerset. Near Huddersfield, a town which practically belongs to the Ramsdens, he has Longley Hall, where the family was settled so far back as the time of Henry

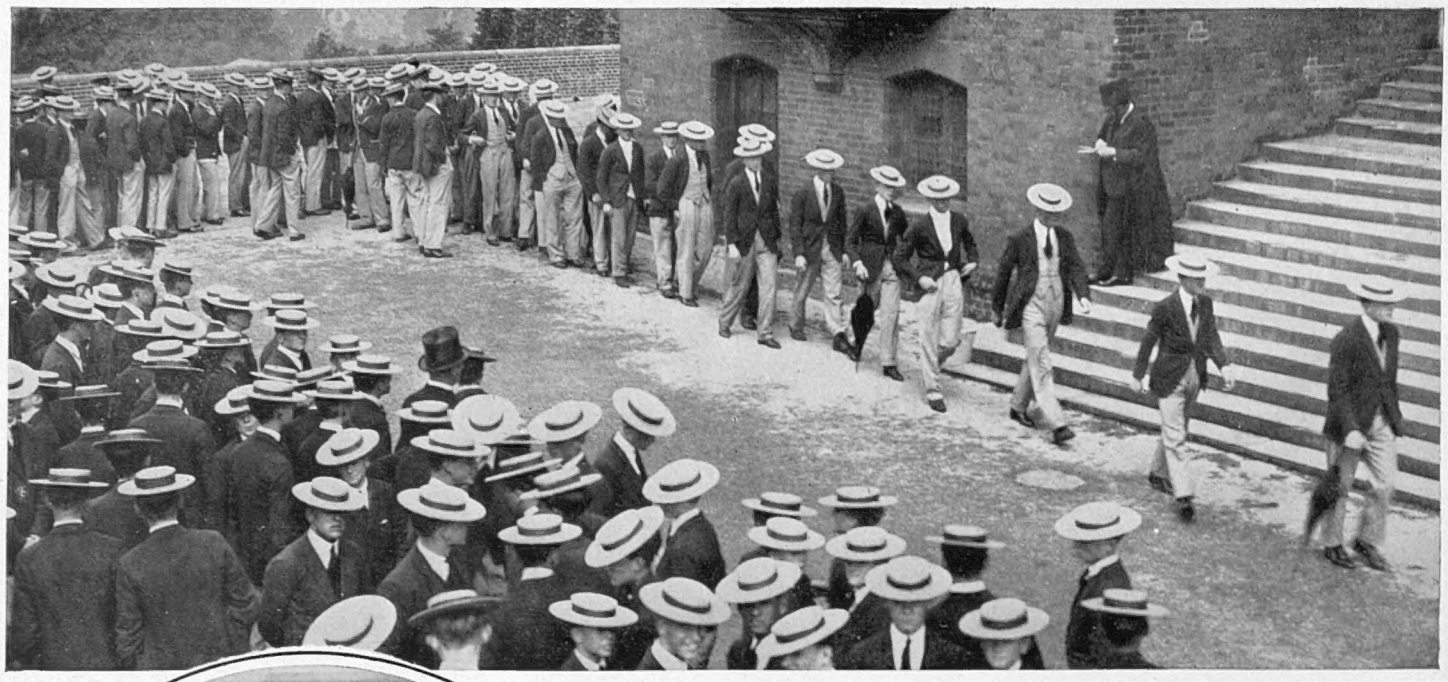
A HOUSE PARTY IN SURREY *Tom Aitken*

Members of Sir James Dunn's house party at Sutton Place, near Guildford, photographed near the bathing pool. The group includes Sir James and Lady Dunn, Lady Patricia Douglas, Mrs. Leahy, General Paget, Miss Paget, Mr. and Mrs. Power, Mr. and Mrs. McCorquodale, and Miss Villiers

Miss Compton Collier

GARDEN LOVERS

nelope and Beatrice, the daughters of Major and Mrs. Maurice Pope, otographed in the gardens of Ashwicke Hall, Marshfield, Chippenham. These old-world gardens are famed for their weeping willows



SPEECH DAY ON ECLIPSE DAY *Photopress*

Dr. Norwood, the Headmaster, taking Bill on Harrow's Speech Day. The "line of totality" in the North, and the rain in the North, South, East *and* West, were accountable for many absentees among the regular visitors

Keystone

ENTER THE MUMMERS

Some of the Harrovians who "obliged" with scenes from "Twelfth Night" on Speech Day. With a view to the success of the taking of Bill they doubtless exhorted their fellows to "halloo your names to the reverberate Hill"

VIII. In Northamptonshire he has Turweston Manor, near Brackley; in Yorkshire he has Byrom, near Ferrybridge; and two properties in Scotland, Ardverikie at Kingussie and Ben Alder. Last year Sir John let Ben Alder for the shooting to the Maharajah of Alwar.

The New Form of Penny Reading

THERE is a literary family consisting of two brothers and one sister who frequently loom largely in the public prints. The sister writes poetry with lots of dots and dashes in it—rather like the Morse code. From time to time these poems are shouted at an audience through a megaphone in a concert hall or picture gallery. This, amongst the admirers of the family, is considered the *dernier cri* after all the other *derniers cris*.

Some such performance is imminent. A member of the family meeting an elderly man at dinner expressed a hope that he was coming to "the reading."

"Reading!" he said. "Bless my soul, how Early Victorian you are! I'm Victorian, and in my youth we use to have readings, but they only cost a penny, and I see you charg twelve and six. Far too much! Far too much! Why don't yo charge a penny? You'd get lots more people."

There are ribald and unregenerate folk who think that a penn would be too much, far too much, for these particular "readings."

A Stravinsky Night

ADMIRERS of Stravinsky had an evening all to themselves at th Russian Ballet last week, when the composer himself conducte

Central Press

THE PRINCE "OOP NORTH"

The Prince of Wales photographed at Lytham St. Anne's during his recent Lancashire tour. He is seen inspecting a party of local ex-Servicemen who paraded in his honour

three of his own ballets, *Petroushka, Pulcinella*, and *The Fire Bird*. Undoubtedly, whatever critics may say, Stravinsky is the foremost writer of ballet music to-day—that is, ballet as interpreted by M. Serge Diaghileff's brilliant dancers, and any other kind of ballet counts for little.

Of the three ballets *Petroushka* has the most dramatic appeal, and I have never seen it done better than under Stravinsky's *baton*. M. Leon Woizikovsky's Petroushka was a singularly fine performance.

The King of Spain was in a box, and at the close of the performance, amidst great enthusiasm, laurel wreaths were showered upon the composer, one of them bearing ribbons of the Spanish colours.

The Whirligig of Time

THE picture by Winterhalter of the Empress Eugénie surrounded by her ladies was painted at the height of the glory of the Second Empire, and a reproduction of it in lithograph used to be seen

British Illus.

IN THE PARK

Miss Rosemary and Miss Beatrice Grosvenor photographed in the Row. They are the daughters of Lord and Lady Edward Grosvenor and granddaughters of the first Duke of Westminster

all over France. In fact, it was one of the outstanding memorials of the days when the Empress was the arbiter of European fashion.

You can say what you like about Winterhalter's painting, but he had a secret which our modern artists apparently do not possess. This great picture, with the Empress and her ladies in every variety of coloured dress billowing round them, is as fresh to-day as it was seventy years ago. The portrait of the Empress shows her at the height of her incomparable beauty.

It is a commentary on the

Lafayette

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Baron Arnold Herman van Ittersum, second son of the late Baron A. E. F. A. van Ittersum and Baroness van Ittersum, and Miss Phyllis Horne, photographed after their wedding last week. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Horne, of Weybridge

whirligig of time that this picture which stood for the apotheosis of the Empress's history should have come to a public auction. The ladies grouped round the Empress included the Duchess de Bassano, the Princess d'Essling, the Baroness de Pierres, and the Countess Lezav Marnesia.

British Illus.

A SUNNY INTERVAL

That the sun has not been entirely absent during the last week or two is shown by this photograph taken at the Aldershot Command Horse Show. Colonel Commandant A. G. Arbuthnot is seen talking to Mr. and Mrs. Fisher

"The Good Old Days"

CAN you imagine any of the courtiers of our Sovereign Lord, the King, falling to fisticuffs in Buckingham Palace, or drawing the elegant swords they wear at Levées and Courts upon one another? It is beyond comprehension. But in the days of Charles II it was very much otherwise.

The old law about "brawling" in the King's Palace and its precincts is mentioned in a most interesting book—the latest in the Broadway Translations, *Memoirs of the Court of England in* 1675, by the Baroness d'Aulnoy (Routledge). The Baroness was a contemporary of the Comte de Grammont, and during her visit to London was no less observant than he of the *amours* and *amourettes* of the Merry Monarch's Court.

News Illus.

A QUIET CHAT

The Hon. Mrs. Beatty and Mr. Harry Cottrill, the well-known trainer, photographed at the Newmarket Bloodstock Sales. These were recently held at Newmarket

In Aid of Charity

CHARITY dances and entertainments used to be somewhat dreary affairs, and many of us used to rather dread such functions in the days of yore. Nowadays, however, things have taken a very marked change for the better, and many of the charity balls of to-day are the cheeriest of affairs. The White Rose Ball and Cabaret recently held at the May Fair Hotel in aid of the funds of the Ladies' Association, Queen's Hospital for Children, was one of the cheeriest of affairs, and those Bystanders who were present must have had the double satisfaction of helping a good cause and spending a most enjoyable evening.

A Correction

ON page 614 of last week's issue of THE BYSTANDER a photograph of a Thomas à Becket pageant stated that this pageant took place at Blythswood, the seat of Lord Blythswood. This was incorrect, and the wording to the photograph should have stated that the pageant was held at Blythwood, the Essex seat of Lord Blyth.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Popular Royalty

THE popularity of Royalty is one of those things that are never called into question. It is accepted, just as other great truths are accepted—such great truths including the facts that Epping Forest is full of trees and Brighton beach is covered with pebbles. It may seem invidious to discuss the question, but I am going to do it.

Scenes of Enthusiasm

I DOUBT if there was ever a time when the members of our ruling house occupied so sure a place in the affections of their people. A week or so ago the King and Queen drove down Regent Street, and, later, His Majesty presented new standards to the Guards. Both occasions were marked with scenes of loyal enthusiasm that will long live in the memories of those who were present.

The Royal Tourist

THE Prince of Wales is certainly the most popular young man in the country—possibly in the world, and last week we learned what Londoners think of the Duke and Duchess of York. I doubt if any younger son of any Royal House has ever been given such a reception as that accorded the royal tourist whose welcome home still rings in our ears.

No Mere Flunkeyism

AND there is a third generation already earning the goodwill of the people of these islands. In spite of her youth, Princess Elizabeth is already a personality to be reckoned with. This is no mere flunkeyism. To-day, the Royal House stands firmly founded upon the popularity of its individual members.

Greyhound Racing

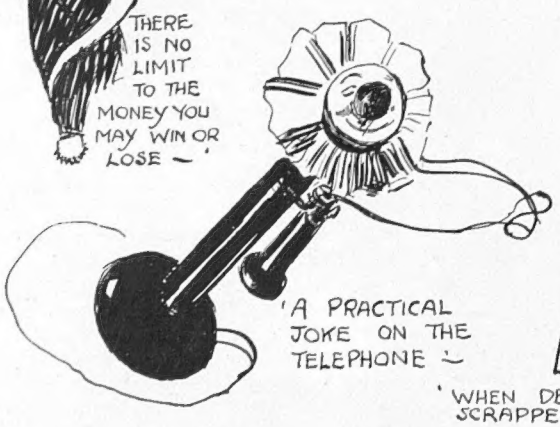
OPINION is sharply divided as to whether or no greyhound racing will provide London with a permanent attraction. As is usual in such cases, we hear most from the opposition, but nothing that I have heard from this quarter has shaken my firm conviction that the new sport has come to stay. Its detractors say that, unlike horse-racing, it lacks the human element, and if this is their only objection, they leave me more convinced than ever.

Open-air Casinos

GREYHOUND racing provides the greatest opportunity for a spectacular gamble that I can call to mind. The stadium of the White City has been turned into an open-air casino—no more, no less! Instead of the little horses we have the greyhounds, and there is no limit to the amount of money you may win—or lose. Doesn't it stand to reason that this combination will draw the town?

A New Nuisance

WE shall have to beware the telephone if the present vogue for practical joking continues. During the past few weeks one humorist 'phoned the fire brigade to say that one of London's largest cinema palaces was on fire, another invited a number of guests to a dance given by a famous society hostess, and Paris had its experience of the new nuisance when M. Léon Daudet walked out of the Santé prison as the result of a hoax engineeered by his supporters.



'WHEN DEVONSHIRE HOUSE WAS SCRAPPED BY THE HOUSE BREAKERS'

Not Sporting

It is hardly sporting to conduct a practical joke on the telephone. The thing is so easy—until, of course, we learn to question any message that arrives by this medium. Even now, lots of well-known people withhold their numbers from the telephone directory, and very soon there won't be a familiar name in the large blue book.

Pride of Piccadilly

When Devonshire House was scrapped by the housebreakers there were croakers who said that Piccadilly had seen its best days, and that Mayfair was doomed. The answer to these Jeremiahs was the opening of three of London's smartest hotels, while the fact that the Duke and Duchess of York have taken up their residence at No. 145 has given a residential *cachet* to the famous thoroughfare. There will be no question of "Good-bye, Piccadilly," yet awhile.

What's the Matter with Monte ?

With the production of the new play at the Ambassadors, Monte Carlo will be once again in the limelight. I wish I could have seen M. Leon's face when he read the extraordinary story of the lady who claimed to have been engaged at a phenomenal salary to put Monte Carlo on its legs again. It came as quite a shock to some of us to learn that Monte was in the doldrums, and I fancy we shall hear more of this little matter.

Amateur Critics

It is now an accepted fact that critics of tennis and cricket should be famous players of the game, the impartial observer being practically ousted from the columns of the daily Press. Thus we have Mrs. Godfree discussing Betty Nuthall, and Maurice Tate saying what he thinks of Jardine's wrists and the failure of Yorkshire to win matches. It is right that George Duncan should tell us "how to cure that chronic slice," no personalities being involved, but I do not look forward to the day when famous actresses will start to tell us what they think of one another.

By David Wilson

"KOKO" UP TO DATE! THE "LORD" HIGH EXECUTIONER!

The Bishop's Move

Tradition has a great bearing on the life of a public school, and I learn with interest that when such an institution desired a holiday for Henley it was found necessary to secure the assistance of a bishop, who had to make a formal and personal application before the school could be closed for the day.

A Popular Author

"Rainbow Nonsense" is the apt and charming description given by a brother writer to Dion Clayton Calthrop's new book, "Hyacinth: An Excursion." This is one of those cases in which it is only necessary to know the author to recommend thoroughly anything he may happen to write. A charming man with a host of friends, Dion Clayton Calthrop never caught a reader on a slack line in his life, while his books on costumes are classics of their kind.

Actors and Accountants

The late James White never began to be popular in the theatre—not that popularity meant anything to him—and he made a complete hash of Daly's Theatre. The artistic temperament drove him crazy, and he could never understand why he could not handle an actor in the same way in which he handled an accountant. All this came out in a recent case in the courts, but those behind the scenes had known it all along, and I am not sure that Daly's was not his greatest failure and his greatest disappointment.

Coloured Waterproofs

Sitting in the rain at Wimbledon I was struck by the varied colours dotted around the centre court. Instead of a drab, grey crowd, I saw brilliant splashes of red and green and blue, and the phenomenon mystified me until I realised that all the girls had put on those jolly coloured waterproofs that are such an improvement on the old mackintosh.

Top Hats at Wimbledon

Another point of sartorial interest that struck me as well as everyone else, though it seemed to strike everyone else in rather a different manner, was Mishu's top hat. Mishu can always be relied upon to cause interest, and even merriment, with his unorthodox play and thousand and one methods of service, but this is perhaps the first time that he has "held the crowd" from the competitors' box. Quite why his arrival in top hat and morning coat should have caused such a stir I fail to see, since before the War the top hat was almost as much a feature of Wimbledon as it is now of Ascot; and, moreover, it was more than possible that Mishu, who was not playing that day, had dashed straight down from Town and rather than miss any of the play had not troubled to change.

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Sketches by "THE TOUT"

Coronach's Downfall

RACING people are now wondering whether Coronach has gone off or whether Colorado has improved amazingly. Their race for the Princess of Wales's Stakes was not the last word on the subject. It is hoped they will meet again in the Eclipse Stakes. I have not so completely lost faith in Coronach that I would care to lay long odds on Lord Derby's colt beating him at Sandown. The difference in the distance there may be in favour of the Derby winner, who was not actually beaten until a mile and a quarter had been covered last week. Admittedly eight lengths is a big margin to wipe out, but Coronach did nearly as much when he reversed the Two Thousand placings in the Derby. And then, of course, there is always the possibility that Colorado's throat troubles, which have been a constant source of anxiety to his trainers, may recur in the Eclipse Stakes. Remembering the wonderful display which Lord Woolavington's colt gave when winning this race last year, I am by no means convinced that we shall not have another reversal of recent form at Sandown. For the moment Coronach is something of a fallen idol, and the Stanley House colt is now being hailed as the best horse in training, but the rivalry of the two next week will be sufficient to attract an immense muster to next week's meeting. Make a note of the fact that Bonny Boy II was staying on well in the Princess of Wales's Stakes. He is a likely sort to bear in mind for the Cesarewitch.

The Best Two-Year-Old

FAIRWAY must be regarded as the champion two-year-old after his success in the July Stakes, but there was very little in it between him and Hakim, and I shall be surprised if a youngster better than either of them does not make his appearance during the autumn campaign. It is probable that Fairway possesses more scope for improvement than Hakim. The Aga Khan's colt is sturdily built and somewhat "set" in appearance, whereas Fairway is loosely coupled, and could do with more substance and muscle. Early in the year he seemed a colt of rather delicate constitution, but he has made great strides lately, and is gradually becoming more robust. Thus if all goes reasonably well there should be little fault to find with him next season. That he is game cannot be doubted after his splendid effort in the July Stakes. It required a colt of unusual smartness to give several lengths start and a beating to Hakim. The struggle between them was one of the most delightful incidents of the First July Meeting at Newmarket, which was shorn of some of its accustomed charm by the fact that the sun was seldom in evidence.

Blancona's Adventure

I WISH Mr. S. Sanford good luck in his enterprise of sending Blancona to compete for the big steeplechase at Belmont Park on September 6. The race in question has been arranged on the lines of the Grand National at Aintree, and will yield £7,000 in prize money. I do not know how the jumps compare with those in this country, but Blancona is such a clever "lepper" that they will not have any difficulties for him. The horse is in great form just now. So much was clear from the sparkling victory under substantial weight he gained in the Hare Park Handicap last week. This followed on a good display of stamina at Ascot in the longest race of the year. "Laddie" Sanford gave a long price for Blancona—something like £5,000, I believe. He had the chance of getting back the bulk of the outlay last week, for the horse started at tolerably long odds. Apart from this, the American sportsman has the satisfaction of owning one of the most versatile horses in the world. Providing the race does not clash with one of the big polo matches in which his team is engaged, Mr. Sanford will be able to see Blancona run at Belmont Park, and his trainer, George Blackwell, intends to be there as well.

Fohanaun Makes Good

FOHANAUN was one of my Ascot selections, and I held the view that he would have been better suited by the Royal Hunt Cup journey than by the six-furlong dash for the Wokingham Stakes. I was glad to see him make amends for his narrow failure there by winning the Duke of Cambridge Handicap last week. This race proved that Mr. Solly Joel's colt can stay a mile, though this fact had already been established in Ireland. Plimsol put up a good struggle against him at Newmarket, and has now returned to form.

Unlucky Zenoff

ZENOFF is becoming one of the most unlucky horses in training. Six seconds in six races is a record which must make his owner wonder what malign influence is operating against this son of his beautiful mare Zinovia. I was not greatly surprised to see him beaten by Spiramonde, who showed up extremely well in the Derby for a long way.

Chepstow Attractions

THIS week we have many meetings—Salisbury and Lingfield in the South, Pontefract in the North, and Chepstow in the West. The latter fixture has not enjoyed the best of luck during its brief career, and as they are running an ambitious programme this week-end I hope it will meet with adequate support. There are two important novelties at Chepstow in the shape of the Welsh Derby and the Welsh Oaks. **Book Law** looks a reasonably good thing for the fillies' race, while the Derby may be won by **Buckfast** if he has recovered from his severe race at Ascot.

Olympia's Battle Royal

BY M. MACMICHAEL

Our artist's impressions of last week's great fight between Mickey Walker, the American middle-weight champion of the world, and his challenger, Tommy Milligan, of Scotland. Although the holder out-fought the latter, the Scotsman put up a very plucky fight before being knocked out in the tenth round

A Camera Causerie From Roya

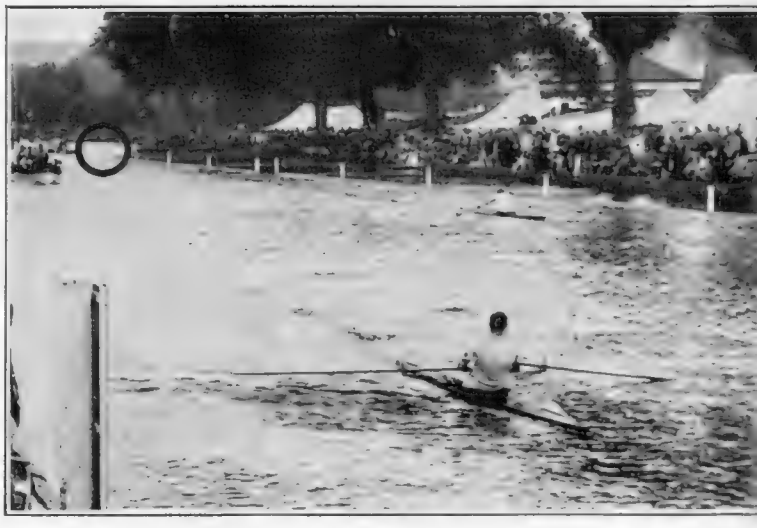
THE PLEASANT PAGEANTRY OF REGATTA DAYS *Central News*

A general view of the tree-lined, terraced regatta course during the heat of the Thames Cup in which Westminster Bank beat Jesus College

Sport and General

A CLOSE THING

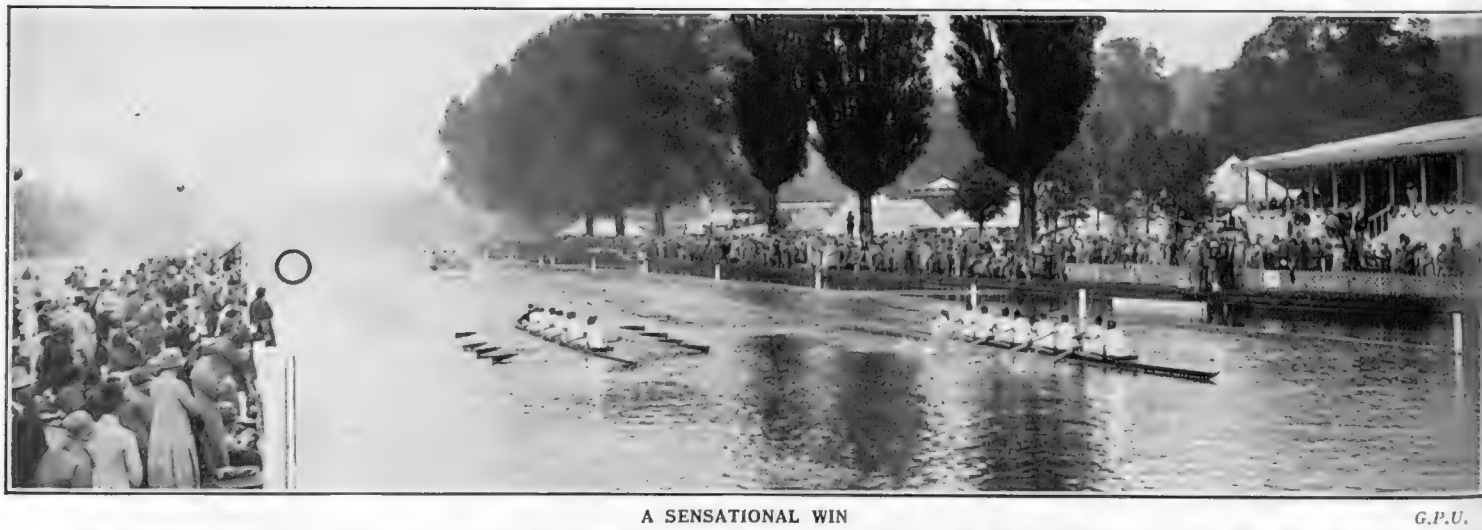
The finish of the first heat in the Visitor's Cup. Christ Church (Oxford) are seen beating Lady Margaret B.C. (Cambridge) after a gruelling duel



Sport and General

IN THE DIAMONDS

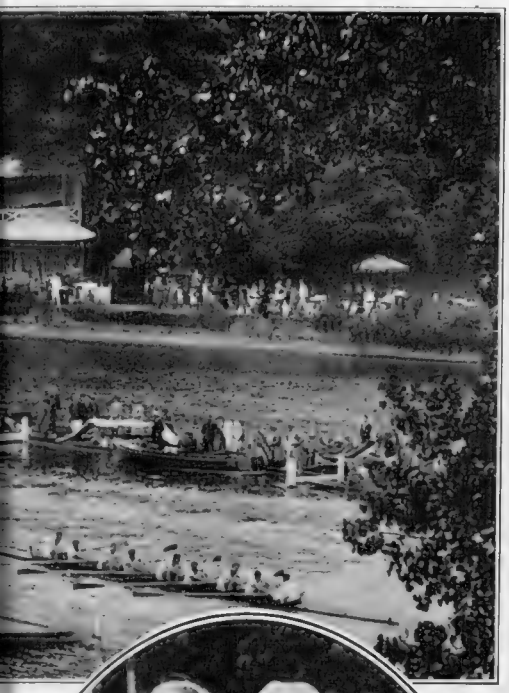
J. Beresford, Jnr. (Thames R.C.), winning the first heat of the Diamond Sculls. He had an easy win from H. Boulton (Maidenhead R.C.) in 9 min. 22 sec.

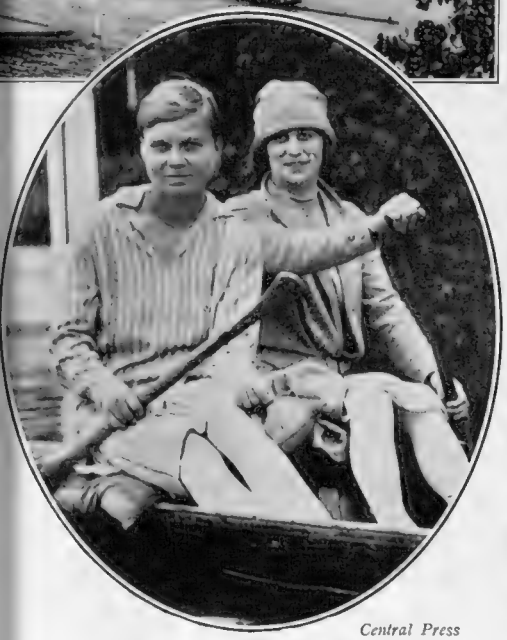


A SENSATIONAL WIN *G.P.U.*

The Radley Eight finishing their heat against Exeter College, Oxford, in heat 13 of the Ladies' Challenge Plate. The school crew put up a very fine fight against their opponents, and after a fast start won by the third of a length

Henley During Last Week's Regatta





Central Press

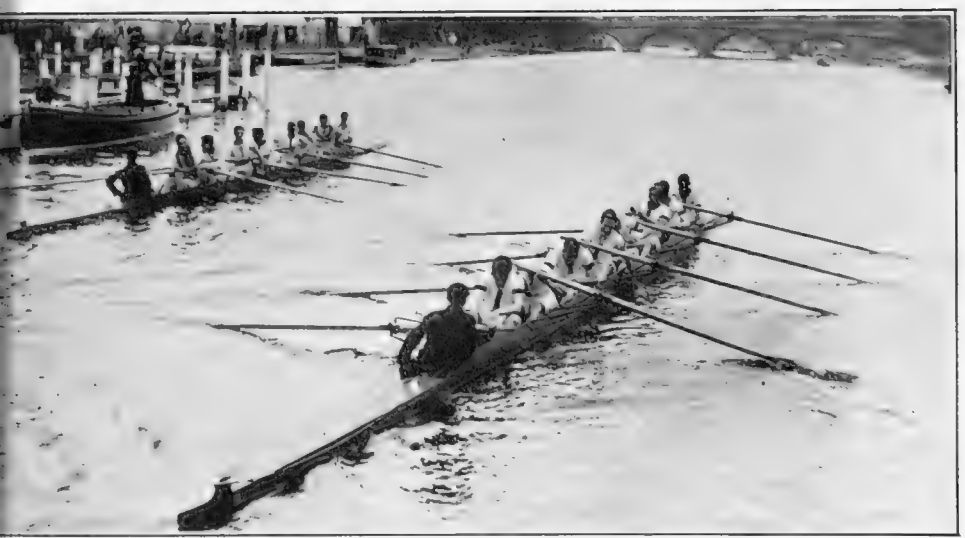
ONLOOKERS FOR ONCE

Two fair onlookers at Henley. At the regatta woman, for once, plays a looking-on role

Photopress

WHERE WAR IS WAGED IN PLEASANT PLACES

A bird's-eye view of the famous regatta course which gives a clear impression of the scene of battle



Sport and General

ROWED OUT

A striking photograph of the Bedford Modern School crew after their race against First Trinity in the first heat of the Ladies' Challenge Plate. First Trinity led from the start and won easily in 8 min. 2 sec.

G.P.U.

THE DISTAFF SIDE AT HENLEY

One of the band of "his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts" who brightened the proceedings

POLO NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

The Champions

So much had been expected of the final of the Champion Cup that the tolerably easy success gained by the Hurricanes was perhaps a trifle disappointing to the big crowd which assembled at Hurlingham. The match was not so fast as would have been the case had it been played on firm ground. Unfortunately the heavy rain of the preceding day had caused the turf to become dead, with the result that only occasionally were the players able to get their usual length on the ball. For all that the game produced some remarkably fine hitting. Some of Capt. Roark's strokes were the best that have been seen in London this season. Nobody who watched him throughout this game could have been left with any doubt as to the superlative quality of this player. He was, of course, beautifully mounted, but his command of the ball was extremely fine, and his inclusion in the Army of India Team will enormously increase the strength of that combination in America.

THE EL GORDO TEAM *L.N.A.*

Mr. J. A. E. Traill (left), Major A. L. Tate, the Marquis de Villabragima and the Duke of Penaranda, who met the Hurricanes in the final round of the Champion Cup at Hurlingham. They were beaten by 8 goals to 4

A Strong Team

One could not refrain from wondering what sort of show would be put up in the international matches by a team composed of Major Harrison, Wing-Commander Wise, Capt. Roark, and the best No. 1 which this country could produce. Adequately mounted, such a combination would assuredly prove equal to giving the Americans a remarkably hard fight. However, it serves no practical purpose to indulge in reflections of this kind. Arrangements are complete so far as England's representatives in the coming international matches are concerned. At this advanced stage it does not help us to discuss whether a team such as I have mentioned is stronger or weaker than the side which will be definitely chosen next month by the Army in India Selection Committee. What we have to do now is to wish the selected team the best of luck in the extremely formidable task that is before it. The Army of India Team's ponies will have arrived on American soil last week. They are under the care of Lieut.-Col. G. de la P. Beresford, who has Capt. J. D. Dening to assist him. So far the ponies have done wonderfully well since their departure from the East, and they made a favourable impression when they were seen in the recent match at Aldershot against the Hurricanes.

THE WINNERS *L.N.A.*

The Hurricanes who beat El Gordo in the final of the Champion Cup. The photograph shows: Mr. S. Sanford (left), Capt. C. T. I. Roark, Wing Commander P. F. Wise and Major J. F. Harrison

El Gordo's Effort

It was unfortunate for El Gordo in the Champion Cup Final that the Marquis de Villabragima should have been rather badly shaken up when his pony fell dead under him in the first chukker. It was obvious that this fine player was upset to some extent by this incident, and it was not until the middle of the game that he was really going in his best form. From that point he played remarkably well for the losers. In the fifth period there was only a margin of two goals between the teams, and onlookers began to have visions of an exciting finish. In the sixth chukker, however, the Hurricanes had much the better of the argument. Major Harrison, who was his usual tower of strength all through, distinguished himself by hitting a couple of fine goals. From that point El Gordo were a beaten side. This did not prevent them from wagging their tail to some purpose in the final period, in which two first-class goals came from the stick of the Duke of Penaranda. The final score was eight goals to four.

Major Tate in Form

It was a decisive margin, but it has to be borne in mind that the Hurricanes would have had to concede a start of three goals if the match had been played on the handicap. It so happened that the most effective player on the losing side was Major Leonard Tate, who worked like a Trojan from start to finish, and fairly excelled himself against such brilliant men as Capt. Roark and Commander Wise. Taken on the whole, the championship tournament was a sorry affair compared with those we were accustomed to seeing before the War. This time there were really only three teams which approximated to the championship standard.

ART AND CRAFT

In Mogador,
Where gems are
A trinket for [wrought,
My love I bought.

It cost me nigh
Two thousand francs.
What odds, if I
Might win her thanks?

A royal queen
Would not have sniffed
If she had seen
That lovely gift.

The West is smart;
Yet matchless still
Are Arab art
And age-old skill.

Months after, in
My native town,
I saw its twin
At half a crown.

The shop, indeed,
Was full of them,
All guaranteed
From Brummagem.

C. R. Green.

Polo at Home and Abroad

Fox Photos

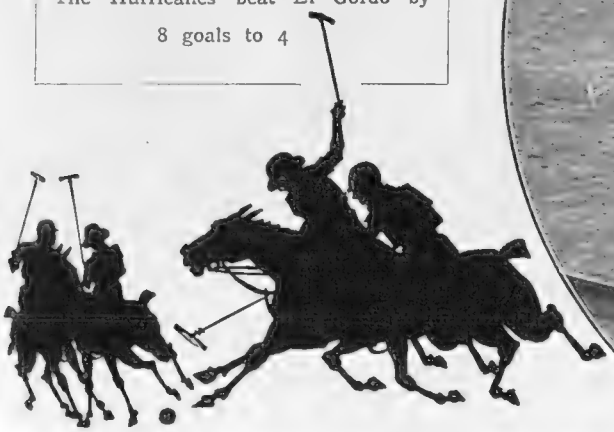
MIDFIELD PLAY

The Duke of York seen in action during a game of polo played at Malta. The photograph bears testimony to the dusty nature of the ground

Sport and General

ON THE BOARDS

An incident during the final of the Championship Cup at Hurlingham. The Hurricanes beat El Gordo by 8 goals to 4



IN PICTURESQUE SETTING *Keystone*

A scene during a polo match played in ideal surroundings. It took place in the grounds of the Duc Decaze at Bagatelle, many well-known Society people being present

THE OVAL CABBAGE PATCH

By "PENDARVES"

A HARD HITTER

Guy Fyffe Earle registers satisfaction as he puts one to the boundary. He has been one of the leading lights of the Somerset XI this season

IN the year 1844 the Montpelier Cricket Club found it necessary to give up their ground at Walworth. So they removed the stumps to Kennington, where there was an oval-shaped cabbage patch that was not yielding much of a return to the owner. And the Montpeliers levelled it and turfed it; and the following summer their first match took place upon it, against the Clapton Club. A few weeks later some jovial gentlemen met at "The Horns" in Kennington, and in a room thick with tobacco smoke, and upon a beer-stained table, the Surrey Cricket Club was born.

On Saturday, June 25, eighty-one years ago, Surrey played its first county match—against Kent—on that Oval ground. Here upon a dramatic day subsequently a man called Edgar Willsher took it upon himself suddenly to make a profound and lasting impression on cricket history by advancing to the wicket and bowling the ball over-arm. He was promptly no-balled by the umpire; and a tremendous how-do-you-do occurred on an appeal being made to the ruling authorities of the game. They must have been gentlemen of imagination with progressive minds, for they upheld the action of Edgar Willsher; and thus was present-day bowling born. On this "cabbage patch" the first real Test Match between England and Australia was played in 1880; and here in 1926 was fought out the epic struggle which brought those "Ashes" back to England.

It all sounds rather visionary and unreal written down like this—to-day. But I am seeking on this Saturday afternoon, eighty-one years afterwards, as I sit hunched on the concrete slope among my tense companions, to visualise that Surrey-Kent scene. All that will come to me, however, is a collection of furry tall hats and side whiskers and tightish trousers: horribly incongruous this afternoon at Kennington. For we are wearing the softest of soft hats to-day: plum-coloured for the most part, or a tender shade of mauve: we are becoming distinctly æsthetic in our Saturday afternoon garments—our shingled women *will* have it so. And we have shaved with marvellous Woolworth Sixpennies ("An' they don' 'arf give yer a close 'un, neither—bit of orl right, them blades, b'lieve *me*").

I essay to impart something of the drama of the hour to the robust green-grocery gentleman on my right. I become informative, though with diffidence, for he is very busy at the moment with a licked pencil. White of Somerset having been caught by Barling, bowled Gregory, for 3. "Oh, 'sthat so? Bit afore my time: I'd sooner see this other bloke out an' 'im kep' in. . . ." It's no good. To-day is to-day and nothing else. The Oval is the Oval. Surrey have "pinched" five Somerset wickets for 63, and everything is orl right—take it from me.

We are not concerned with parst 'istory 'sarfternoon—not likely. Nor with anything but the immediate, albeit phlegmatic, delight of the moment. The week is over. We have drawn our money—or left the ol' woman in charge of the shop, according to the measure of our commercial success and position—parked the lorry in the gerridge: 'ad a dam good wash: and a couple of 'arf-pints with Jim: and 'ere we are, like. We shall be goin' to the Pickchers t'night: wot did she say it was called, *Purple Passion?—strewth!* Meantime . . . Surrey's fieldin': now don't you git tawkin' a lot o' stuff 'bout wot 'appened in eighteen-forty-six, 'cos I wasn't 'ere: neither was you, matter o' that—*now* then!

A great and goodly company: a unique company: an education and a mental chastisement to all who loll indolently through life with bored eyes and fat banking accounts. A cold day and a cloudy: but it matters not. Observe the concentration; feel the taut silence; it holds you dumb yourself. This is the place to sit, here on the shilling concrete amongst the Kennington thousands, cricketers to the cores of their beings, though few, alas! have played the game. But they *know*. Nothing escapes them. Every movement of every white-clad man out there on the green plain is noted and approved or condemned.

"'Ere: we've 'ad enough o' this pokin' about." . . . "*Don't git out!*" This to a stonewalling batsman: and the sarcasm shivers across the turf. "A-a-aaas-*at*?" A hundred mouths snap this out. And as the umpire remains mute and motionless, so do they. The discipline is perfect. The game is being played in its strictest manner, not only on the pitch but everywhere within sight; from every Kennington window that gives upon the ground: even from the tops of the crawling trams.

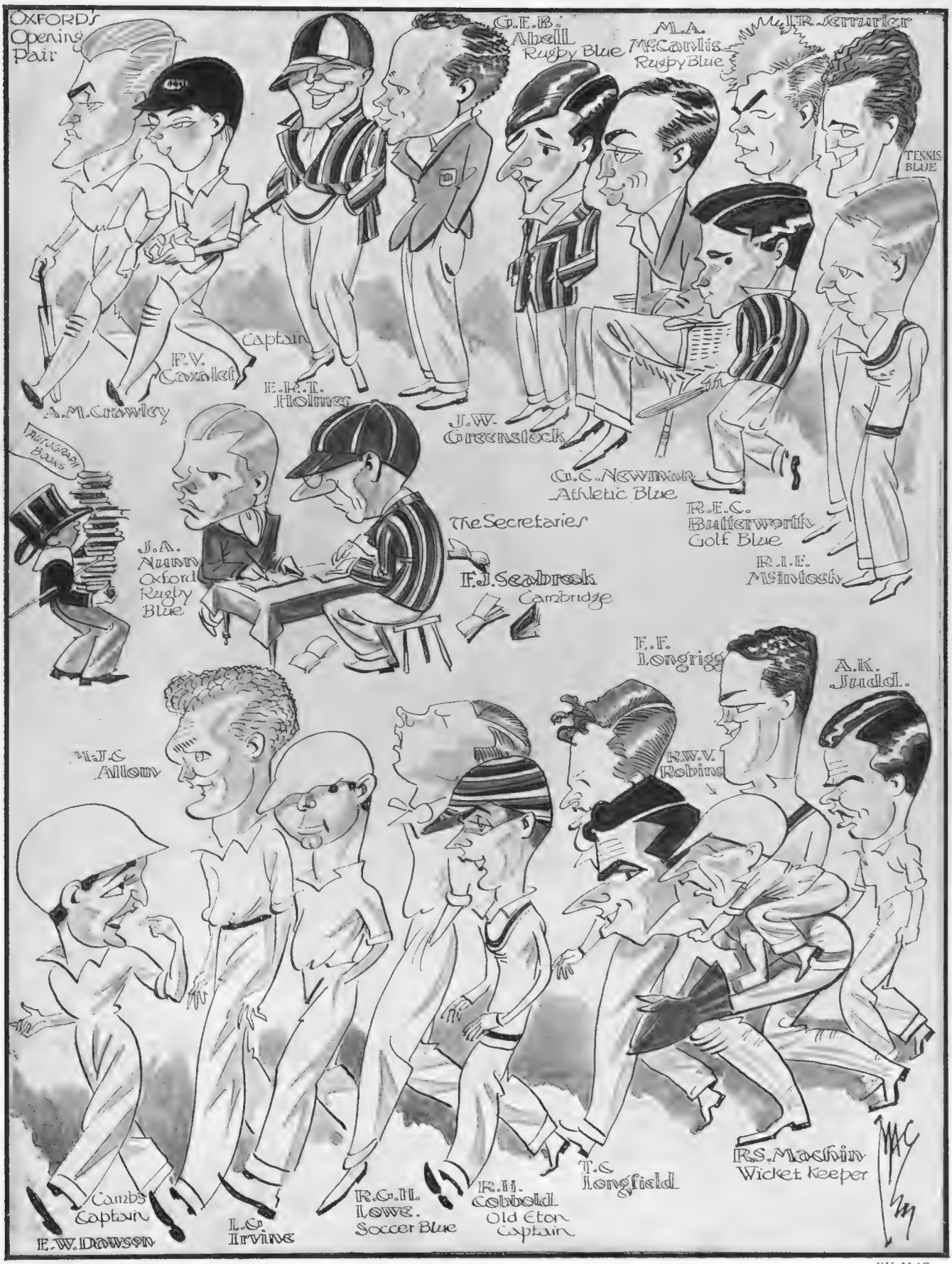
Eighty-one years of history, gay years and sad. And the game goes on just the same. It must: it has eaten into the vitals of Kennington.

SKETCHES BY MAC

GENII OF THE RING

An impression of Mickey Walker (right), of the U.S.A. who settled the question of the World's Middle Weight Championship with Tommy Milligan at the Albert Hall last Thursday. Regarding him with a searching eye is his trainer, E. Hayes

"Blueing It" at Lord's



BY MAC

An impression of the Oxford and Cambridge teams who this week made one another's acquaintance at Lord's. It is a hundred years since Oxford and Cambridge first met at the cricketing game, and there is every probability that they will be doing the same thing a hundred years hence

"ONE DAM THING AFTER ANOTHER": AT THE PAVILION

Produced May 20, 1927

By "JINGLE" *Illustrations by MACMICHAEL*

THIS *revue*, as its airy title suggests, is more of a jovial and irresponsible "Rag" than anything else, with gentler intervals of beauty and charm to make the balance true. Wit and humour are supplied in generous quantities, and several experts have had a go at supplying the light music of the production. Mr. Morris Harvey is the leading jester, and he is ably supported by Mr. Sonnie Hale, who has become an adept in the art of supplying welcome frivolity. Then there is Miss Jessie Mathews, an artist of rare quality who can be frolicsome or gracefully sentimental as the book requires; and there is Miss Mimi Crawford, who is known to us all as a popular distributor of dainty cheerfulness.

THE Dam Things (I shelter myself behind the title given on the programme) are twenty-two in all, and any attempt to make a selection here and there is necessarily met by an embarrassment of riches. There is, for example, a very choice and select absurdity entitled "The Lady of the Lake." Confiding people who visualise an artistic setting of Sir Walter Scott's romantic numbers will find they have been rather neatly taken in. The turn is just a piece of playful spoof designed to keep the audience amused while the stage is being broomed up for the next scene. Mr. Morris Harvey appears before the curtain and gives a hint of a strange adventure that is going on behind. Then Mr. Sonnie Hale hurries along and takes an anxious peep round the curtain, and announces that a lady is setting out to bathe in the lake that isn't there, in a costume that, judging from its sketchy description, is equally negligible.

Lenare

SHE KNEELS TO CONQUER

Edythe Baker adopts an unusual attitude in which to sing a song. The chorus meantime offers her a helping hand

THE alleged adventure then begins, and is reported most realistically. We hear of an unwelcome intruder who follows the lady up, and there is a moving story of a noble rescuer, followed by sounds of a scuffle which ends in someone being thrown into the lake, and good riddance to him. And then the curtain goes up and we find that all that has happened is that a grand piano has been dragged on the scene for the next Dam Thing, which shows us Miss Edythe Baker at the keys. Miss Baker does not rush at her piano as some players do, as if they were anxious to get their blow in first. She strokes the keys gently and they purr back agreeably, and if now and then she waves an arm aloft with an inconsequential flourish, it is doubtless merely with the desire to enter into the spirit of the evening's fun. This turn is received with the greatest enthusiasm.

THE Dam Thing called "Progress" is a very pointed shaft at the romance of the day (if any). Billie is a flapper who is engaged to Jack; but, yielding to the modern craving for variety, she suggests to Monty, who is sitting out a dance with her, that she shall be engaged to him instead. When Jack hears of the new arrangement he merely says in peevish tones that he thinks he might have been told what was going to happen. Then we turn back swiftly to the eighteenth century, and a beauteous lady, in the roomy attire of the period, sweeps on to remark that in her day the rejected lover would have called his rival out, and pinked the fellow, gad! and all that sort of thing. But nowadays, I suppose, with two millions of them on the surplus list, the One Girl in the World is apt to lose her exclusiveness in the rush. The dance that winds up this turn is charmingly characteristic of the grace and stateliness of the age of wigs and crinolines.

A DAM Funny Thing (I hope I am not exceeding the speed limit) is called "A One-sided Affair." It voices in a

delightfully nonsensical way the grievance of theatregoers who are so placed that a corner of the stage is always hidden from them. And we who have been there know that everything of importance always takes place in that concealed turning, so to speak. Here, a large chunk of the stage is purposely obscured by a protruding box, behind which a fierce drama is enacted. Guests who are announced hurry across the stage to greet their inevitable hostess; and occasionally a guest will emerge from his obscurity to hint that there are terrible goings-on afoot. There is a sound of shooting, and somebody appears and says it was bound to happen, though we remain entirely in the dark as to who it was that was shot or why the other chap went and did it. The scene is at times so uproariously funny that you can scarcely hear the dialogue for the shrieks of laughter in the house.

ANOTHER Dam Thing is a scene in Paris with a Futurist background, and the usual gangs of tourists who are absorbing the sights with the help of the usual guide in a tearing hurry. This leads up to a quaint ballet of "Grannies." In the old days it used to be spitefully alleged that some of the young ladies in the back row of the ballet must have been grandmothers at least, but probably not. Grannies, it seems, are liable to a sudden twinge in the middle of a riotous dance, while there are moments when a projected high kick fails to come off owing to *Anno Domini* and other infirmities. It may be that this scene has been designed as a Moral Lesson to show elderly ladies that it takes more than hair dye and lipsticks to make a nimble flapper of a creaking grandma.

IN case there should be any doubt as to whether it is *Revue* that the thinking Public requires above all else, the first Dam Thing on the programme shows us the question being put to the popular vote. And, as we all know, *Vox Populi* is the voice of the "gods." Melodrama's candidate is very assertive, but he gets no votes; while the representative of Shakespeare is, of course, of less account to-day than Nymphs and Sheikhs. The Queen of the Ballet

enjoys a brief triumph, perhaps because of her generous revelation of perfect beauty which the scantiness of her costume merely accentuates; but Grand Opera looks like having to forfeit its deposit money. The result of the election is, necessarily, that *Revue* heads the poll, with Miss Edythe Baker as a most delightful *Commère*.

THE popular song, "My Heart Stood Still," is admirably rendered by Mr. Richard Dolman and Miss Jessie Mathews in a sort of Italian garden, while a couple of bright children take up the tale after their elders have left off singing and begun to kiss; and the delicate charm of the scene is undeniable. "Community Singing in

the Home" turns the humour tap on full again. I have been able only to notice a very small number of the items, but, taken all together, I have no hesitation in infringing Mr. C. B. Cochran's copyright, and saying that they combine to make a Dam good Show. JINGLE.

A PREHISTORIC SET TO *Lenare*

Mimi Crawford and Sonnie Hale in a very old-time incident of the "eternal triangle" variety. The stone hammer in the foreground suggests the authentic caveman stuff

By Fred Buchanan

FARE PLAY FOR BOYS

Reggie (*bidden to hurry up with his order*): "But, mother, I can't see anything I don't want to have!"

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

An inhabitant of a mental institution has published a volume of poems. Surely the lady author should sign herself "Lucy d'Intervals."

. . . . . .

Last week a burglar was sentenced to a long term of penal servitude. His excuse of taking advantage of a good opening was unavailing.

. . . . . .

In the next Eton and Harrow match a father has promised his son five shillings for each run that he scores. We trust that the parent will get a run for his money!

. . . . . .

Two castaways on a Pacific island have been gladdened by a cask of rum that was washed up. We expect that the subject was easily broached.

. . . . . .

"My boy," remarked the sire, "henceforth I am going to treat you with unremitting kindness."

"This looks," replied the prodigal, "like a total eclipse of the son!"

. . . . . .

A nervous old lady had to leave Wimbledon suddenly. Her excuse was that she could not stand the racket.

. . . . . .

From a provincial paper:—"It was alleged that the defendant sold him a pip." Even with the high price of oranges, this should not have been expensive.

A pamphlet describing the rivers of England has recently been issued. Now, we suppose, we shall have a new edition of "Ouse Who?"

. . . . . .

"Gruel taken too frequently," says a physician, "is very harmful to the intestines." It seems as though it might be the arrowroot of all evils!

. . . . . .

A popular lady novelist says that an author must experience sorrow in order to write well. That seems to mean there must be heart's ache for art's sake.

Butchers, we learn, have had a record year. It is nice to know that they, at least, have made their expenses meat.

. . . . . .

"I hear the steeplejack's had a nasty fall."

"Yes; his chum let him down badly."

. . . . . .

"What on earth is that chap singing in his bath?" enquired the exasperated hotel-keeper. "Is it 'The Devout Lover?'"

"No, sir," replied the chambermaid, "I fancy it's 'The Devout Loofah!'"

. . . . . .

The Lord Chamberlain has recently barred a play. It was said to have consisted of two acts and an obsence!

. . . . . .

It is said that money talks. Personally, we find it uncommonly hard of hearing.

. . . . . .

A Mayfair gentleman recently sent out invitations to a dinner at which no one attended. It is to be hoped that he was a host in himself.

. . . . . .

A trade paper says that sugar will shortly be cheaper. That is a sweetly, solemn thought.

. . . . . .

Ten women this month are attempting to swim the Channel. This would prove conclusively that woman's place is in the foam.

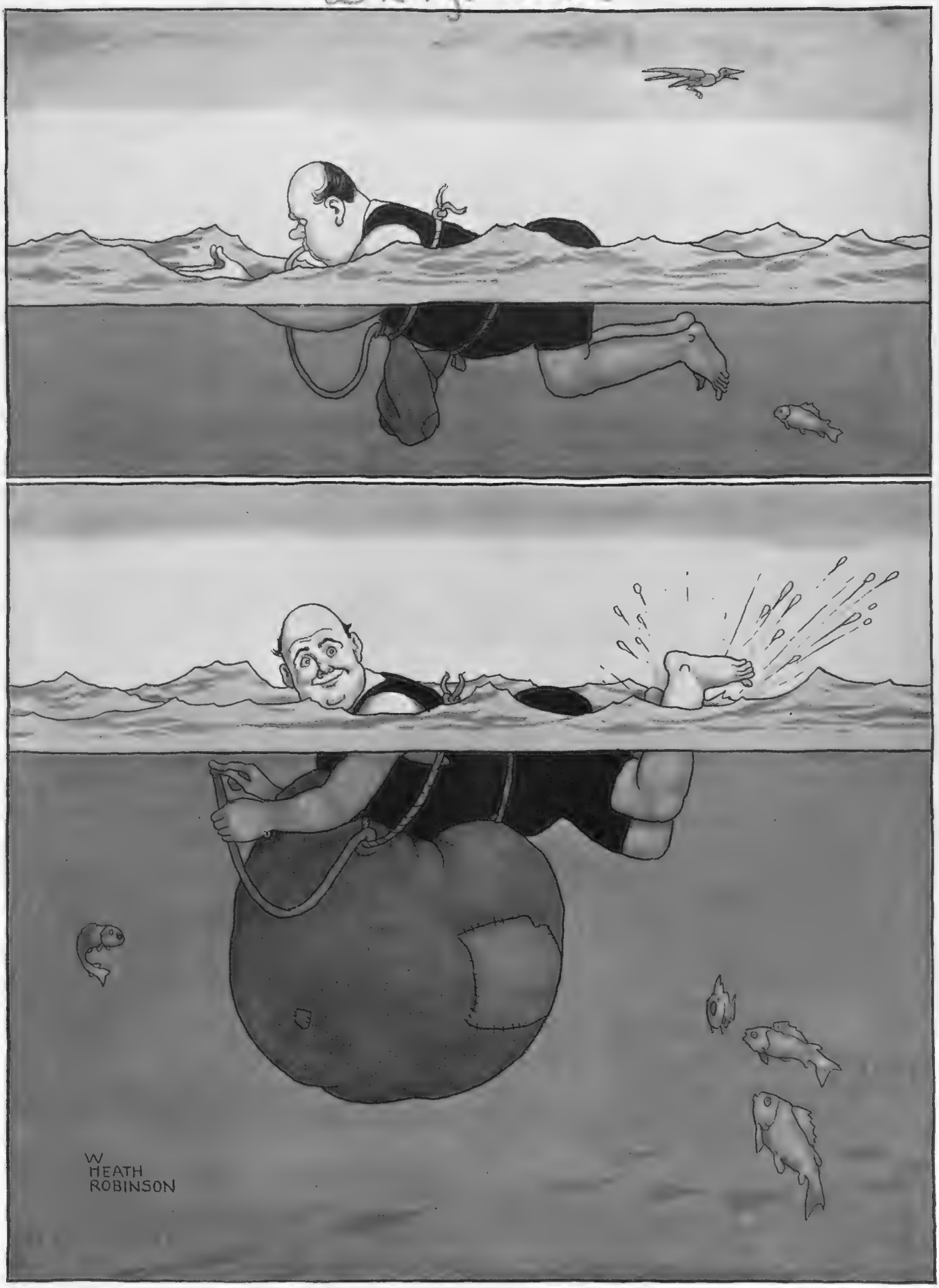
By Stan Terry

A "BACK" NUMBER

1st "Knowing One": "Going to back 'Master Plumber' for the 3.30?"

2nd "Knowing One": "No fear. A horse with a name like that would get half way round the course and then have to go back for his jockey!"

A Cunning Stroke



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Clever but unsportsmanlike contrivance to increase bouyancy and prevent fatigue among Channel swimmers

It should be possible to win money at *boule*

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

UNTO us has just been administered a *bouleversement* (anglice: shake-up), a most complete *bouleversement*. It appears that we have been living life as an accident. And we ought to have been living it as an art. It is perfectly true, of course. You need only to have your attention drawn to the fact to realise at once that your real purpose on earth was meant to be an artistic passage from departure point to destination, but that somehow you have slipped off the theoretical parabola and slithered about in the mud-flats. As my favourite poet expresses it:—

His brows are touched by light;
But his feet are lost in the shadows
And wet with the dews of night.

NOW, then, having been duly—and perhaps necessarily—*bouleversés*, the thing to do, *bien entendu*, is to redress the situation. We must restore the supremacy of the artistic and banish the accidental. And I am informed that it is not so difficult as one might imagine. There is no more reason—according to my informant—why a chunnering charwoman or a soft-soap salesman should not have an artistic existence comparable with that of a poet or a sculptor. It is exclusively a matter of Vibration. Get the Vibration right, and your due share of art in life is assured.

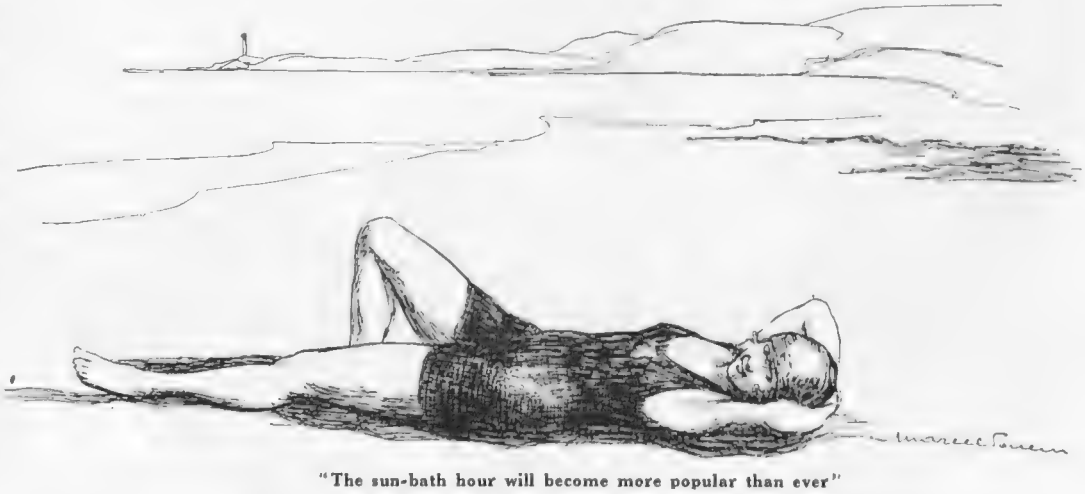
THAT, I may say, is as far as I can carry you. I don't know in the least how you set about getting your Vibration right. The philosopher who has communicated the preliminary information wants a financial consideration before disclosing the remainder of the secret, and it might be of no help to you if I bought the code which would correct my Vibration, because everybody's Vibration should, and must, differ. It has to do with the science of numbers as taught by Pythagoras, the great Greek teacher—you know, the inventor of that infallible combination: "Think of a number, double it, take away the number you first thought of, etc." My philosopher has rediscovered the lost secret of Pythagoras, and is prepared to put that part relating to my Vibration code into a numberscope for the trivial sum of a hundred and fifty francs. I am about to invest to the extent of a hundred and fifty francs, and may report further in due course.

IN the meantime, we can thank our well-intentioned philosopher for furnishing us with a copper-bottomed excuse for all our faults and failures, what my American golfing friend calls an Alleghany alibi—why "Alleghany" he does not condescend to explain, but it does not seem to be a tribute to the veracity of the Alleghanians. If he has driven you out in his car, then the reason why his putts won't go down is that his wrists have been jogged while holding the wheeel; whereas if you have driven him out, then the reason why you are out-hitting him is that he has lost energy through going to sleep while you were driving so slowly.

We ought to live life as an art

NOW, the Vibration version will dispense with the Alleghany alibi. It sounds so logical. If you have

(*Continued on page 24*)



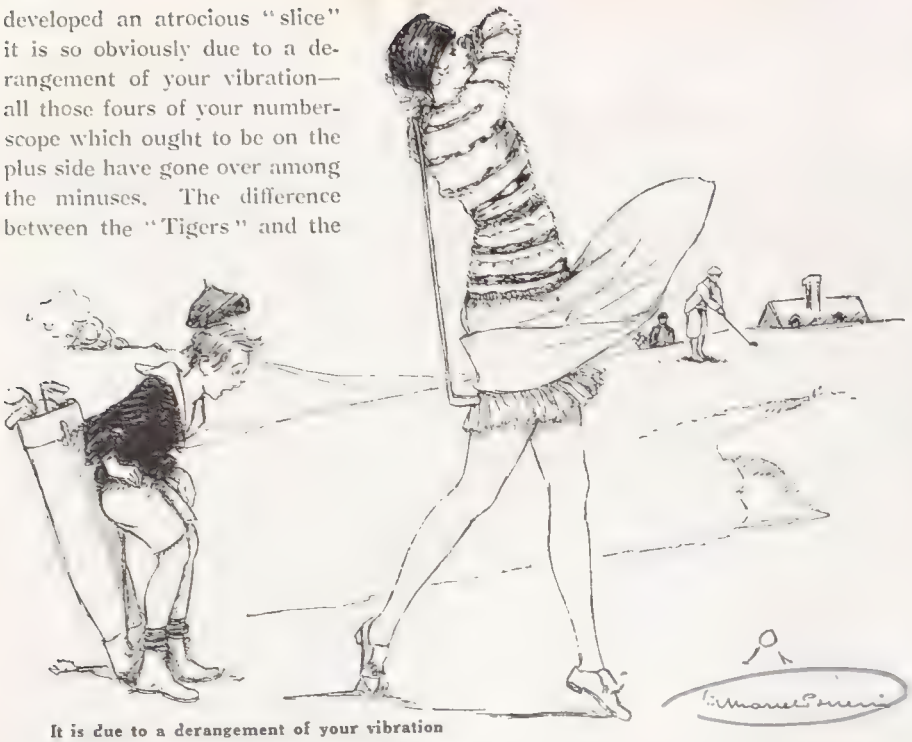
"The sun-bath hour will become more popular than ever"

Twin-kling Stars of Theatreland

Sasha

A new photograph of the Hon. Alison and the Hon. Margaret Hore-Ruthven, the twin daughters of Lord and Lady Ruthven, who continue to arouse a great amount of interest by looking exactly alike in every way. Under their stage name of the Ralli Twins, they are to appear in "Shake Your Feet," Laddie Cliff's production which is to succeed "Sunny" at the Hippodrome in the middle of this month

developed an atrocious "slice" it is so obviously due to a derangement of your vibration—all those fours of your numberscope which ought to be on the plus side have gone over among the minuses. The difference between the "Tigers" and the "Rabbits" is just a matter of wrong arrangement of the numberscope. If the golfing experts would only re-adjust our numberscopes instead of writing books about the lateral swaying of the hips it would be ever so much simpler for us.



It is due to a derangement of your vibration

By the way, if you have a regular partner who has lately been beating you with irritating sequence, I can tell you a method of evening things out. You lend him a copy of the latest authoritative book on golf. By the time he has got all the contradictory theories well in his mind and tries to put them into execution simultaneously, you can offer him six strokes with perfect safety. I have just seen the scheme tried on a Four man, and at the end of a week he was a poor Fourteen. His vibration must have been thoroughly deranged. Everything comes back to this vibration science once you have become susceptible to the theory.

Which reminds me that I must certainly get my numberscope aligned in perfect order before going off to Deauville for the usual high-season look-round. It must be an obvious advantage for a "flutter" in the Casino. With a numberscope set out in the apple-pie order laid down by Pythagoras it should be even possible to win money at that very long odds-against game *boule*, and at baccarat one should be able to take millions from the usually all-conquering Greek syndicate—"when Greek joins Greek," etc. All these possibilities for a mere hundred and fifty francs! It is worth the money just to rhapsodise over the gorgeous prospects.

But this thrill over a new "system" for impoverishing casinos must not lead me into forgetting to refer to another new bathing costume that has been invented by one of our enterprising seekers after sensations. It is much more audacious than the last one, which was given over to oil-paintings that could afterwards be cut out and framed in gilt for the baronial (or servants') halls. This latest is a cunning contrivance in black and white, the upper half being all white and the lower half all black.

It does not sound particularly exciting in description, but it appears that when it has been in contact with the waves the result is startling—to say the least. Like all other bathing costumes, after it has been in the sea it clings affectionately to the wearer, and the contrast between the black and the white is so emphatic that the modern mermaid can fully hold her own with the legendary one in the display of *la forme*. On the first day that these *simili-nu* costumes are given an outing I can see a number of beach "policemen" and Mrs. Grundys contracting heart disease in hurrying to make a close inspection and ordering the wearers to *se cacher* in beach gowns. If they are tolerated, which seems doubtful, the sun-bath hour will become more popular than ever for both the sinners and the sunned.

René.

HEADLINES FROM LONGCHAMP By Dellas

A record of the newest ideas in hats culled from the French race meetings. The hat on the extreme left is in pink felt, the original decoration in front of the crown being of grey shaved lamb inserted into the felt. The model next to it is in pale apricot felt, the trimming made like openwork by cutting small rounds into the fabric. The hat at the extreme right is also decorated with an insertion of flat fur; this time the felt is beige and the fur used is breitschwanz. The hat nearest to it is trimmed with a wide ribbed ribbon and the rather high crown has the fashionable decoration of small "pinces" in front

A "SLIPPERY" CUSTOMER

BY W. S. HUTTON

14-FOO

The fleet which has recently come into prominence has become very popular, the rules governing the class producing a very healt
Wales, which is to be competed for at Cowes

BY FRANK H. WASON

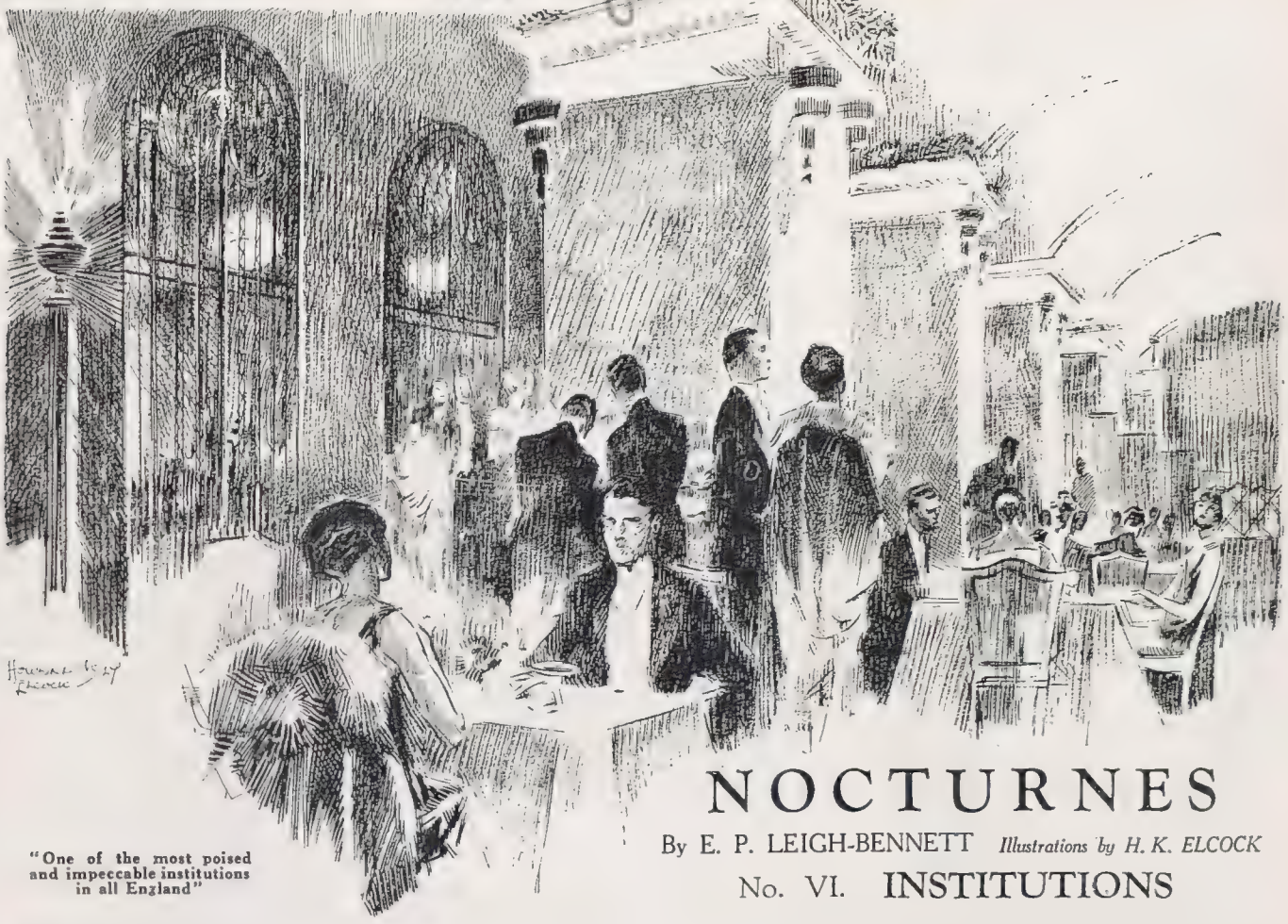
TERS

pe of boat. It is expected that the scheme of class racing will become international, and the prize, presented by the Prince of s given a great incentive to this movement

In Fine Feather

BY BERT WILSON

Our artist's impression of the Dolly Sisters, who have returned to the Paris stage after an interval of three years. They are playing in "Paris—New York," the new Casino de Paris revue



"One of the most poised and impeccable institutions in all England"

NOCTURNES

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT *Illustrations by H. K. ELCOCK*

No. VI. INSTITUTIONS

THERE are certain institutions which remain immovable in the nocturnes of London. Sunday night is one of these. However sabbatarian you may have been throughout a Sunday in London, or pagan, or merely inert, towards evening a restlessness moves you to be up and doing in this city of dreadful depression. Besides, the servants are out, and cold beef after dark is a banal thing—a hated institution. There is nowhere on earth to go, and nothing to do: which is quite enough, human nature being what it is, to drive you into evening clothes in search of the place and the food.

Most places on Sunday night have that "left over" look about them which is a perpetual admonition. You ought not to be here: if you were *really* fashionable you would be "away" for the week-end; the *maître d'hôtel's* smile has come unstuck: you are a nuisance: this is an "off" night.

Not so at Claridge's. Claridge's in London, like the Ritz in Paris, springs into very brilliant being on Sunday nights. Of course, neither the Paris Ritz nor the London Claridge's could ever be violent or vulgarly *fortissimo* about anything. Both of them have, they feel, stretched a point graciously in having "a night" at all; and they must be very, very careful about it in case things should be said—you know how it is.

Paris suffering, with a smug smile, under the yoke (and purse) of the festive foreigner has had a small spot of bother about its Sunday Ritz; for now-a-nights the *haute noblesse* and the *ancien régime* and all such impressive people have become almost submerged by an ever-rising tide of voices which clamour, "Say, kid, I'm figgerin' this is a reel live *O*tel"; and "Aye, yon's a graan place is Oodersfield, lad," and will not be stemmed. Nevertheless, the Paris Ritz has still an air of exquisite hauteur on Sunday nights that nobody can quite shout down, call they "garçong" never so loudly.

Claridge's on Sunday night is one of the most poised and impeccable institutions in all England: a fearful and wonderful place. Fearful, that is, if you try to push a way in without having been allowed to reserve a table beforehand, calling threateningly for the "head waiter" or anything utterly awful of that sort. Wonderful if you like gazing thoughtfully upon the impassive faces of the few people left who influence English life without telling you so themselves. It has never been, and never will be, a place where you "drop in for a little food, don't you know." There is nothing casual or debonair or "nutty" about this restaurant or these suave ante-rooms. It will never find much favour with ladies who desire to make limelight arrivals, or with men who are addicted to despotic departures. No one person here before, during or after dinner can focus public attention and hold it for more than a passing glance, and that merely from pairs of eyes that have been schooled almost from birth to conceal emotion. Double-column headlines or electric sky signs about you won't inspire awe here: these Claridgeans are, in one respect only, very like night news editors of morning papers: only an earthquake actually beneath their feet will shock them; they have all seen too much life, too frequently.

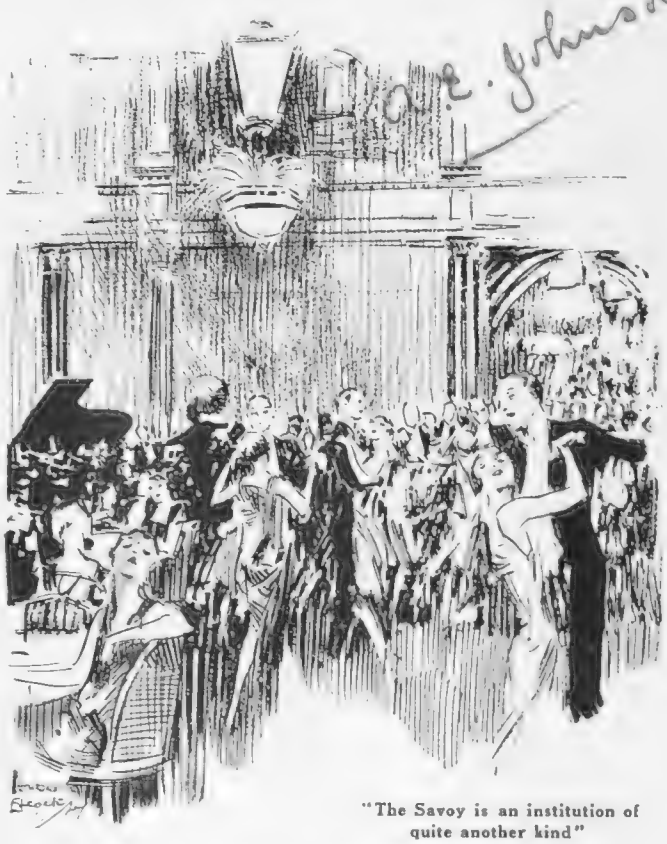
Meals here have always been staid ceremonies. But latterly an atmosphere of rather covert gala has crept in on Sundays. To the end that thin coloured ribbons, giving that touch of youthfulness so urgently required, are hung about the ceiling of the world-famous room; pallid dolls with scarlet lips and the universal expression of a cinema star under observation are handed round to grandmothers and grand duchesses and *grandes dames* and very old young girls.

Charles, the manager, who stands quite by himself in a world of restaurant managers, just as Claridge's stands aloof in a world of seething hotels, is as imperturbable as the place. On a gala night (they call them *Diners Fleuris* so as not to be confused with mundane modes elsewhere) he becomes

a shade flushed because of the rather indecorous crowding; but otherwise he remains the calm confidant of Cabinet Ministers as heretofore; a Prince in his own kingdom, riding gracefully in the Row next morning, as befits a man of affluence and artistry.

When the cult of the cabaret broke out in a pink and white rash all over the West End of London, managements felt impelled, owing to the fierce rush of competition that followed, to alter all their *mise en scènes* so as to lead patrons to the belief that this was "something quite new." Claridge's remained conservatively as they were. They cared for none of these things. And a very beautiful room the old restaurant used to be, with its Chinese-blue pillars and its lacquer and its lighting. But needs must where the public drives, so the combine, after much procrastination, let loose Basil Ionides, feeling they were taking the risk of their old lives. They were not, for Ionides is an artist of the first order, who also stands alone in his particular decorating sphere; and his work upon this historic room is in its way unique. The general effect is a masterpiece of subtlety. No light reflects upon any woman's face, and yet the room is awash with a high tide of soft lighting. There is no colouring that you can detach and remember next morning. In other places you have a vivid splash of dangerous blue, or a provocative pink, or a lewd biscuit-brown. Here there is no marked ornament of any kind that you can fasten upon your mind. There is nothing here that hints of grim facial facts. Middle-aged women feel débutanty at Claridge's. Married women, losing grip of their fond illusions, feel that, however beastly he has been, they *are* rather lovely and young and yearning. Women love Claridge's.

And the habitués: at no place in the world of public dining do you see during any one dinner hour so many of those who really *count* in the affairs of England's men and women. As in the past, so now, so probably in the precarious future, the men who shape a country's and a people's destinies are usually plain and unobtrusive to look upon—your eyes would wander past them if you did not know. The women who shape these men to their momentous ends, and so are more fateful even than they, are not of the meteoric, dazzling type, who are hectic to-day and haggard to-morrow. These women in front of you, behind and all round are weaving webs quietly and tonelessly, whose masculine mesh spreads across Britain—the ends of some have spanned the world. The influence, defined and undefined, of some of these women has marked many of the milestones of contemporary English history.



"The Savoy is an institution of quite another kind"

Claridge's *Diners Fleuris* are an institution that will remain inviolate and inimitable so long as Sundays continue to be observed in London; and so long as there are any *sahibs* and *mem-sahibs* left to eat the light, luscious dinners, to make fleecy, polished conversation, and to dance to a deferential band, rather badly, but with that calm self-assurance which is entirely beyond the reach of the most pyrotechnic professional.

The Savoy is an institution of quite another kind in the nocturnes not only of London but of all Britain, and a good many places beyond its boundaries. For the world sets its aerials, the Savoy sets the tune, and the unseen millions dance—for the price of the Government tax. They are dramatic minutes for me when I sit in the Savoy restaurant at night, left to my own thoughts—a rare occurrence—and evaporate into the ether through those microphones that hang about the big, gay room. I like to flit away with the "*gl-o-mp, gl-o-mp, p-e-eep*" of the soprano saxophones, and the "*b-isssh-b-o-ng*" of the cymbals, out over the myriad roof tops, through the tremendous miles of darkened England, metaphorically to slide down one of those little poles hitched to a chimney pot, and get a close-up of the nocturne of a home.

". . . . Savoy Orpheans" . . . . "Savoy Havana Band" . . . The carpet rolled up precipitately; father entrenched loftily behind his paper, Fred tied in the knots of a cross-word puzzle, muttering "curse the dam band." Peggy and Eileen dancing, *faute de mieux*, very solemnly and critically with each other, arguing the fine points of steps. Mother from "the settee," not knowing the first word about it, intervening with "Eileen, child, you *must not* contradict in that rude way, she's perfectly right" . . . .

And then I am jerked back to the spectacle of these kaleidoscopic people on this large and perfect parquet dancing solemnly, with an air of extreme boredom, some with an extreme of perfection, but few, strange to say, with the natural rhythm and grace of the Eileens and Peggys, who will possibly never see these bands, only hear them from four or five hundred miles away, but who would be "thrilled to the absolute backbone, my dear," if they could be there.

But the thrill would pass as quickly almost as it came. All these people moving to the music here now were probably extremely elated when first they stepped in its pulsing presence. They are not any longer. Or at least they are too strictly conventional to dream of showing it. Even that girl in the very lovely green and silver frock, whose hostess has "arranged" a dance for her with a professional, who moves like all the delicious dreams of dancing girlhood, dare not show the joy she is experiencing in this waltzing wizard: rather does she nail, with difficulty, to her face the nonchalant blankness of the blasée night-clubber, because "one must."

As Claridge's is a weekly institution to the few inaccessibles, so is the Savoy a charitable institution to the many to whom its red and gold, glitter and pomp and circumstance are merely etherical and entirely inaccessible. So that both are making history in their own particular way, the one on Sundays and the other throughout the week. And thus and thus do the nocturnes thrum on through the London nights. E. P. L.-B.

That Feeling

BY ALFRED LEETE

WHEN YOU MISS A 24" PUTT

Pomp and Pageantry at Whitehall

PRESENTING THE STANDARDS

His Majesty presenting new standards to the Household Cavalry. The ceremony, which was of a most spectacular order, took place on the Horse Guards Parade the bright uniforms providing a vivid splash of colour in the sunshine

Photographs *Central News*

ON THE WAY TO THE CEREMONY

The King, in Field Marshal's uniform, riding down the Mall accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, Prince Arthur of Connaught and the Prince of Wales. It was over a hundred years since such a ceremony had taken place

The Return of the Royal Travellers

THE WELCOME AT VICTORIA *Sport and General*

The Duchess of York greets her mother, the Countess of Strathmore, on the arrival of the Royal train at Victoria, while her father, the Earl of Strathmore, stands close at hand. The Duke is seen at the door of the saloon, between Their Majesties

A FAMILY REUNITED *Central News*

Their Royal Highnesses with Princess Elizabeth and the King and Queen respond to the cheers of the huge crowd from the balcony of Buckingham Palace. The space round the Victoria Memorial was a mass of people

AT THEIR NEW HOME *I. B.*

The Duke and Duchess acknowledge the greetings from the balcony of No. 145, Piccadilly. Princess Elizabeth shared the reception with her parents

GLOBE AND OTHER TROTTINGS

By YOGO HAMA *Illustrations by OKUN INGAMAI*

"I have strove . . . only to depict the most disputeless and pure truths"

MOST DEAR HON. BYSTANDERS,

IT are non-doubtlessly an enormous and expenseless truth that even the most virtuous and pious-minded persons cannot enjoy to entirely escape the bows, arrows and other poisoned stings of fate which the intelligentless and envious seek to aim to our heads. Not any the lessly, it are more as surprising that a brilliant and wide-spread *literati* whose stainless pen has been in the public eye so long, should suffer to endure insultings which would suffuse a blush of shame to even the cheeks of a worm or other spiritless *nincompoopæ*. For more as several years I have strove at frightful personal pains only to depict the most disputeless and pure truths, and not, like as some non-principled and responsibleless so-called journalisers who live for wholly what they can get, soil my reputations by purveying non-existable facts which could only be disgorged from the head or other organ of truthlessness. More as this I cannot trust my pen to say, because of the so severeish shocks I have sustained to suffer to my hithertoly challengeless veracities. But it are, I cannot restrain to add, awfully poor rewardings that I whose words imbue respects and esteems in all ¼s of the globe, masc and femn, and who has been hailed *nem. con.* as the most *ne plus ultra* and dazzling *literati* of the day, should be attacked by pseudo *intelligentsia* whose intelligents would evoke a smile of scorn in the smallest and most youthish member of the *animalculæ* tribe.

Before depicting you my nextly extractions (which include some parallelless and marrow-freezing excitements) from my so famous diary, I shall imprint with all its horror and wickedness the as follows letter, trusting to hope that all Hon. Bystanders and other (if any) proper-thinking and good sporting persons, will unanimously unite to mistakelessly express their loathings and contempts for a person which it would be more as charitable to call a wolf in the grass rascality knave who lives to only bite the back which feeds him. The as follows are his scoundralish and non-literate lubrication which are non-dubitably impenned by a hand only .05 degrees less crooked as the mind which gave it birth:

"Dear Sir,—I have read your contributings *re* concerning Arabia, the land of the Umbobces and the Hottentotters, but cannot discover to find any such informations as you depict in either the *Encyclopædia Britannica* or *Arabia Deserta*. I are non-able to suppose that a so serious-minded journal like Hon. Bystander would demean itself to imprint anything but the hardest and purest facts and can only (1) suppose that the abovely works are very accurateless, or (2) that the Editor of Hon. Bystander are the innocent victim of a conscienceless impostor, or (3) that the writer of saidly extractions are suffering from *non compos mentis* or other D.T's. If not, will he kindly to produce the Lat. and Long. of aforesaidly and alleged countries, lands or demesnes? Yours respectfully, Dr. S. Simon, Professor of Geographics, Maudlin Col., Oxtab.

It are entirely not my habits, as Hon. Bystanders know, to afford responses to the infantine attackings of nonentity persons who seek to acquire expenseless notorieties by firing mud at 1 whose modesty, brilliants and wits have secured him to be the most bespoke and looked-up-to *literati* of our epoch. But before I pass over in dignified and scornish silents

(Continued on page 36)

"'Saved'! I exclaimed hoarsishly through my parched teeth"

SEVEN YEARS in a cold dark cellar—like seven years of boarding school—makes all the difference to the finished product.

J.J. comes out jolly pleased with itself — and rightly so — matured and ripened —— a credit to the House.

It was well worth waiting for seven years to get that perfect softness, smoothness. . . Drink it slowly and taste it carefully.

JOHN JAMESON

★ ★ ★

WHISKEY

JOHN JAMESON & SON LIMITED DUBLIN

LONDON OFFICE 7 MARK LANE EC

this infamous and villainish emanation of the cankered, talentless and befeebled mind (*sic*) of a trash-brained *imbécile*, permit I should warn all suchly persons that henceforthly I shall hesitatelessly hold them up to scorn and derisionment and not any longer submit to the impoisoned darts in a noble but profitless silents.

Re concerning suchly attacks as abovely, my private attentions have been drawn to a very exclusive fund which, I gather to understand, has been promulgated to purvey me a testimonial of esteem and desponge from my escutcheon the blots and other smears which scrupleless enviers have effectivelessly tried to stick on it. The subscription-list to date are as per:

Editor Hon. Bystander ... 1 back number of same.

Sub-editors ditto ... 1 Soup Ticket (complimentary.)

Saidly list are still open and all cheques (which must not on any account exceed 1,000£s) will be acknowledge by the Hon. Secretary, Y. Hama, Esq., as scon as same have been O.K'd by Hon. banking persons.

I shall now, after these briefish and painful digressings, return to my extractions which are causing to produce astonishments all over the globe.

Feb. 22-st. (more as a little *p.m.*) After navigating our so luckishly aquatic camel for some 3 or 5 knots, Alli (Hon. Arabian guide) all of a suddenly ejaculed a joyish cry. "*Bismallah! Bismallah!*" (Arabian for "I observe to see smoke or suchly vapours emerging on the horizon!") Sweeping the marine hemisphere with my gaze, I succeeded to escry a steam-vessel at on or about 5 points to leeward of our starboard helm.

"Saved!" I exclaimed hoarsishly through my parched teeth as I signalled my hat to the oceanic daschound now approaching at tremendous knots per *h.p.*

As the so noble craft grew to become more nearer, our hearts emerged themselves from our feet and ticked with rejuvenined hope. In less time as it takes to depict these words, the saidly steam-argosy had arrived to be within loud-speaker distants. Hon. conductor of same then ejaculed to us through an enormous horn.

"Say, are you guys swimming the pond, or have you lost your tickets?"

I responsed that we were shipwrecked exploring persons who had suffered a marooning in the sea by non-civilised savages and should highly esteem it a favour to be rescued at the most early convenients.

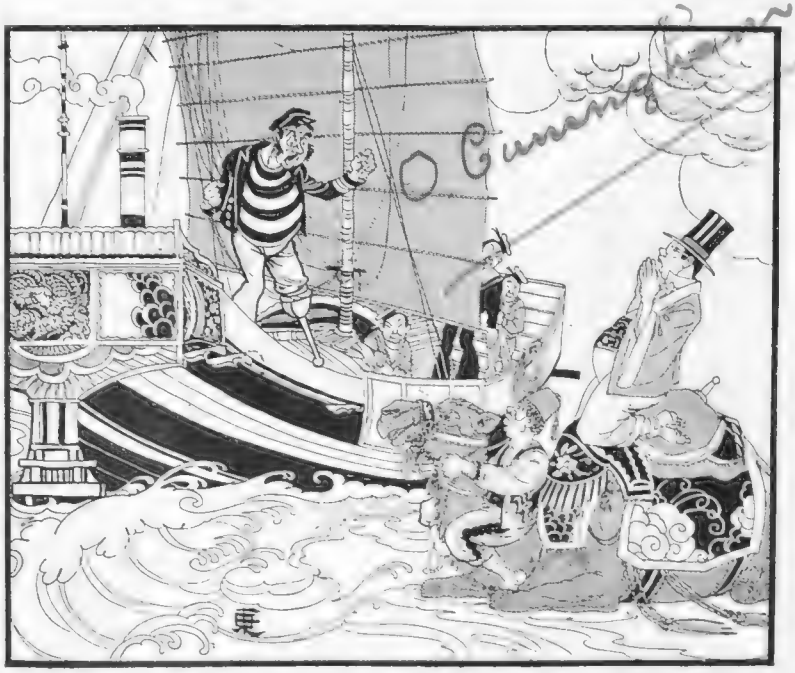
"See here now," reimpopped Hon. conductor, "we can't pick up every gol-darn hobo we see floatin' around sort of promiscuous. Who are you anyway, and where's your birth, marriage and health certificates? What are your political views, have you ever been divorced and are you guilty of any moral turpitudes?"

"Excuse me to kindly enquire," I imbegged, "what are the name of your ship, if any?"

"This here ship is the s.s. *Bird of Freedom,*" he responsed.

(Nextly week's instalment will raise all hairs to their roots. On not any account miss same.)

Yogo Hama



"'We can't pick up every gol-darn hobo we see floatin' around . . .'"

Sasha

FIVE BELLES AT SEA

Five of the original Hoffmann Girls putting in a little practice on deck during their voyage to England. They will appear in "Shake Your Feet," which Laddie Cliff is producing and which is due at the Hippodrome this month

Life—

bottled by

Worthington

No. 3.—The Dance

PARTNERS

The girl who won't talk, the girl who won't stop talking . . . . she who steers and she who stares (forgetting her feet the while) . . . . they happen to everyone. The only way to preserve your reputation for charm is to slip out early for a Worthington. You can then pilot wilful dowagers with fortitude and earn a halo from your hostess.

CHARLESTON LEGS

It is now definitely established that the human knee bends both ways . . . . our artist has seen it! Those who do the Black Bottom and kindred hey, hey, convulsions, should know that the subsequent exhaustion is completely remedied by Worthington.

HOME, JOHN

Having seen the fair Edwina home ("Forgive me not asking you in, but mother's waiting up") you get in over-smoked, over-tired and undernourished. Creep to the little cupboard under the stairs for just one Worthington. You'll wake clear-eyed in time to eat *both* rashers before showing your season.

RAE

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER
A conversation overheard between
EVA MOORE and JILL ESMOND MOORE

EVA MOORE: "The wind seems very bitter to-day. I should use a little Pond's if I were you, before you go out."

JILL: "I always do. It would be impossible to keep yourself nice without it. I can't think how you managed, when you were young and frivolous, mother."

EVA MOORE: "I may have been young, but I was never, never frivolous. Young girls in my days did not go dashing everywhere and doing everything."

JILL: "Poor dear, it was a sad time . . . ."

EVA MOORE: "Not sad at all. We enjoyed ourselves I can tell you. Besides, you must remember that Pond's was not born yesterday. Pond's Vanishing Cream I can remember years ago. I think it was the first of that kind of cream."

JILL: "Before Pond's Cold Cream?"

EVA MOORE: "Oh yes, it was some time later that Pond's produced the two kinds of cream together, which I think is an excellent idea. The Vanishing Cream is splendid to use occasionally during the day as a protection, but something else was needed—some regular system of cleansing and nourishing the tissues. Pond's Two Creams now meet all one's needs in that respect admirably. I remember very well the advice that used to be given. 'Never let soap touch your face.' Of course, soaps have improved since then and all of them are not injurious to the complexion, but at the same time I think it is safer and surer to use Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing the skin of the face. What do you modern girls think about it?"

JILL: "Oh, I think most girls use Pond's. You see, we must do something to look everlastingly nice and sweet and all that. The Beauty Parlour stunt takes too much time—and besides it's too jolly expensive. So we follow the Pond's method—I can say it by heart—'every night before you retire to rest Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse deep down beneath the surface, and Pond's Vanishing Cream from time to time during the day to prevent blemishes and make you instantly look your best.' Is that right?"

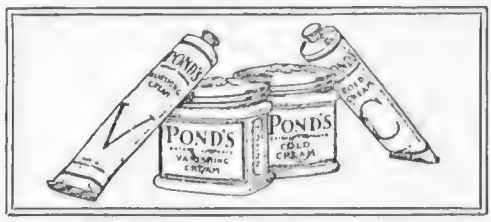
EVA MOORE (laughingly): "Yes, I think you have said your little piece quite correctly. Now lets both carry it out. You say you are going to use Pond's Vanishing Cream before going out, to prevent the cold wind from making your skin rough and red. Well, I am soon going upstairs to dress for dinner—that's the time when *I* use Pond's *Cold* Cream, to remove all traces of the strain of the day. Just a touch of the Vanishing Cream to finish off with and, hey presto, I shall look as young as my daughter. Now then, off with you."

JILL: "You are *younger* than your daughter. And I hope I will always look as sweet as you do."

EVA MOORE: "Well—use Pond's Two Creams, my dear, and you always will."

Eva Moore

Jill Esmond Moore



EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS. USED BY COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF WOMEN TO MAKE AND KEEP THEIR COMPLEXIONS EXQUISITE.

Pond's Vanishing Cream

keeps the skin soft and white preventing sun, wind and dust from marring its delicacy. Always apply it before going out of doors, and on every other convenient occasion during the day, especially after the daytime use of *Pond's Cold Cream*. Exquisitely scented with Jacqueminot roses, *Pond's Vanishing Cream* forms a perfect base for powder.

Pond's Cold Cream

Cleanse your face, neck, hands and arms with *Pond's Cold Cream* before you retire at night and during the day, whenever your skin feels tired or dusty. Leave it on for a few moments, until its pure oils have penetrated deep down beneath the surface, and brought up all the dirt and impurity. Then wipe off and, except when you are going to bed, finish with a touch of *Pond's Vanishing Cream*. If your skin is dry, leave a little *Pond's Cold Cream* on all night to restore suppleness.

SPECIAL SAMPLE OFFER.

Try for yourself this delightful, effective method. The proprietors will send, for twopence in stamps to cover postage and packing, A TRIAL TUBE of both creams. All chemists and stores sell *Pond's Cold Cream* and *Pond's Vanishing Cream*, in handsome opal jars, 1/3 and 2/6, and in tubes 7½d. (for handbag) and 1/-. The Cold Cream also in extra large jars 5/-, and in extra large tubes, 2/6.

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Address.....

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Sidelights From the World of Sport

Central News

"FRESH WORLDS TO CONQUER"

Members of the English Rugby Union team photographed on the eve of their departure from Europe. They have left for the Argentine, where they are to play ina series of matches

THE RIVAL CAPTAINS *Photo Illus*

Mr. R. C. C. Whittaker (left), who captains Eton, and Mr. Clover Brown, the Harrow skipper. Eton and Harrow meet at Lord's on the Friday and Saturday of this week

Photo Illus.

THE RUN MAKER

I. D. K. Fleming (left) and P. J. Brett going out to bat for Winchester during their recent match against Eton. Mr. Fleming played wonderful cricket in collecting 210 runs and received valuable help from Mr. Brett. Between them they added 158 runs for the second wicket and gave a display of clever co-operation rarely seen in school matches

Photo Illus.

RIGHT DOWN THE FAIRWAY

L. G. Lambourne (Moor Park) photographed driving off during the Hertfordshire Amateur Championship and Club Championship, on the Old Ford Manor Links. In the final he defeated N. M. Paterson (Sandy Lodge) by 1 hole

P. B. Abery.

A CUP WINNER

Mrs. G. Sayers, of Trentham South Staffordshire, photographed after winning the Cup at the Annual Ladies' Open Golf Tournament at Llandrindod Wells. She beat the former holder (Miss May Edwards) by 2 strokes

LINGERING AT LORD'S

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

At the Ritz

LONDON, *July* 4.

DEAR COUSIN,—

LIFE seems just a sort of kind of spangled path from sport to sport these days, does not it? I mean, having just filled ourselves right to the brim with an orgy of tennis (even the best people seem to be dropping the lawn part now, now it's played on wood, rubble, gravel, grass and anything except lawns, but that's by the way). . . . Being saturated, not to say sated, with exploits of Bill and René and Jean and Helen and Kitty and Betty and the rest (surnames also now *démodés*) down Wimbledon way, not to mention a dash or splash of rowing or aquatics around Henley and environs, lo and behold, as they say in the Scriptures, here we are straightway being dragged at the chariot wheels, so to speak, of yet another game, and the national one at that.

WHEREIN, thank the Powers that Be, we may yet find balm in Gilead, so to speak, not to say comfort at Lord's—the one that *doesn't* want reforming. For at cricket, *ma cousine* and *mes amis,* whatever may happen elsewhere, we do the *j'y suis j'y reste* turn to complete and entire perfection, and remain undoubtedly supreme. These so-called foreign invaders, bless their little hearts, may pinch our patball prizes or sail away with our golf champs., annex the polo cups, and even put it across us at flying, poker, and such-like minor affairs, but at cricket . . . And what really matters, after all, but cricket—I ask you?

FOR this week, anyway, that is. When it's cricket, cricket all the way, and all *our* way, too, *laus Deo,* as they say, none of those pushing outsiders having started intruding *there,* at any rate, *grace à Dieu* (no, haven't forgotten a little spot or island called Australia, but, after all, that's quite a friendly family affair, what?). Varsity match to-day till Wednesday, and Eton and Harrow to finish up the week—you know, brings almost a kind of lump in the throat to at least one little Conserva*tive* to think these things are still alive and with us, spite of all the rush and the hustle and bustle and beating of drums that seem to shriek and bang in the wake of the more international sports.

BUT now just for a while, as the tumult and the shoutings died and the captains and the kings and the publicity-mongers (or anyway the worst cases thereof) have temporarily departed, we can nip in for one little week at least and hold some little sports meetings all of our own—cricket *au moins* having been salved from the wreck. Having been voted, perchance (who knows?), too slow by the hurricane experts of the U.S.A., and too terribly suppressing to the emotions by our temperamental rivals of France? Who knows—but anyway here we can go on quietly ex-

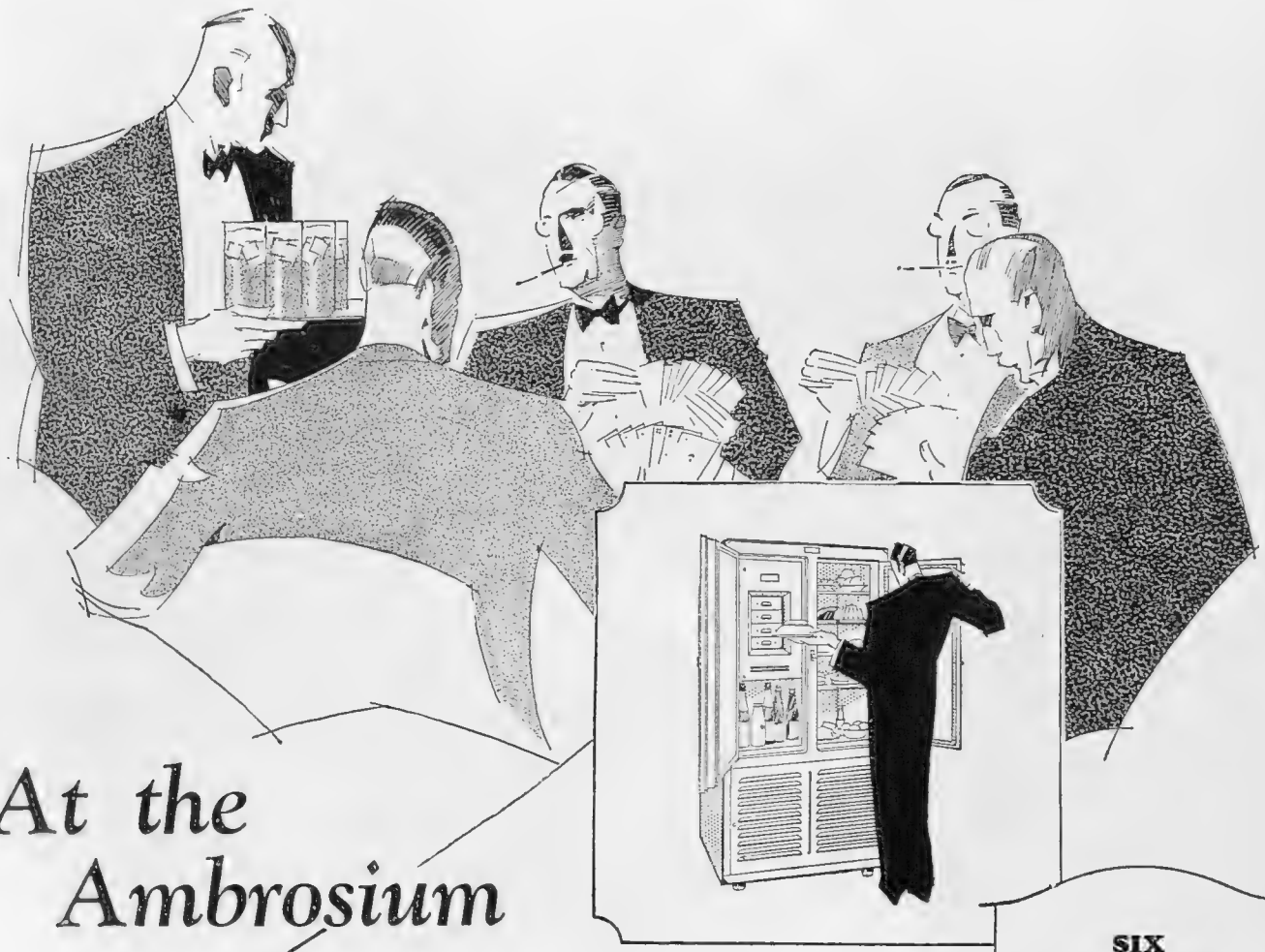
"Worth its weight or more in good gold"

pressing ourselves (as the psychologists put it) in terms of our own special way of playing games before the other people started butting in. The old sort of gentlemanly way, I mean, whereby people (so one gathers) make as many runs as they can, of course, for their own honour and glory, but are also prepared to go in last any moment or bowl with the sun in their eyes, or whatever they do do that's most horrid, for the honour and glory of the team, eleven, or side. And don't write to the papers next day either explaining exactly whether or why they should or shouldn't have been out l.b.w. or g.k.w., or whatever they call it, but, anyway, it

(Continued on page 42)

"Can't see the stage sometimes for a cloud of smoke"

ELECTRIC COLD-THE SECRET OF FOOD PERFECTION



At the Ambrosium

They do you well at the Ambrosium—it's reputed to have the best hot weather chef of any Club in London. But it hasn't. It's true their consommé is always perfectly iced; the fish always seems fresher there than anywhere else; their salad might almost have the dew still upon it; and the hanging of their game is apparently timed by a stop-watch. But it's not the chef, not altogether. Though he could tell you the secret. Just one word—Frigidaire. In fact, that word has gone round already.

Most of the members are putting in a Frigidaire at home. You are invited to inspect Frigidaire at any of our dealers' showrooms. Or write for descriptive literature. Convenient terms can be arranged.

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4. Keeps milk and cream through the severest thunderstorm.
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Automatic Electrical Refrigeration

wasn't their fault, and the other people were very splendid, *but* . .

卐

WELL, here we are for a week's real sport, anyway—and oh, dear Cousin, really rather sweet and restful functions for lingering or dallying at, these Lord's ones, you know. When we all get ourselves up in our nicest frocks, *comme habitude,* to pay tribute to the occasion — though quite prob. it's some floppy flapper with a home-made outfit and about two words to her vocab. who'll really win the local infants' hearts. And (or but) there are such divinely simple picnic meals to be partaken of in tents or marquees of various clubs, schools, or associations—and such a lot of queue-ing up for them beforehand, and strain and stress and watching and waiting, you positively get the illusion your little bit of chicken or cold salmon thus attained is absolutely worth its weight or more in good gold, if anyone knew, these latter days, what that meant, that is. . . . And all the best country parsons are there, with or without wives, and you see quite the dearest things of about the year One forgathering and reminding each other of what lads they were that year the Albert Hall was first dashingly opened, and so on. . . .

"What lads they were"

卐

I THINK we are the least vain and most arrogant people in the world—no, it's not me but Margot speaking; but I agree with almost every word she says, this rather wonderful and delightful creature who has the art and audacity of putting into words (at about £10 a word) quite a lot of what most of us in our slow way merely think. We have a passion for understatement (says she), and also a passion for adventure. And (says me) I'm rather glad of both and proud to belong to this cautious, cold, headstrong, passionate, but always rather in the end straightforward nation. Especially after seeing the play about Theodor Dreisler's book, *An American Tragedy,* that everyone's been talking about so much. A Sunday night *première,* dear Cousin, that was a scream of smartness, with serried rows of spectators on the pavement as you solemnly walked in and pass along to your stall.

卐

THEY say, by the way, theatres aren't doing too well just now, and nobody quite knows why. Wireless, say some, is the hated rival, and then there's greyhound racing, say others. But no one ever suggests it's bad plays, I'm glad to say, and that's one comfort anyway, isn't it? Horrid thought—but no, p'raps it's this smoking at theatres that some people are so busy writing to the papers about just now. And say they simply can't *see* the stage sometimes for the cloud of smoke, and why aren't people allowed to carry fans to blow it all away, which, as a matter of fact, I'm sure there's no rule against whatsoever. But also, incidentally, do happen to have noticed, I have, that no one, methinks, ever really bothers about smoking very much if the play's even moderately good. At *An American Tragedy* the other night, f'r instance, there was one cigarette in a hundred, if that. And even at the most boring of efforts am sure no one ever goes on all the time . . . after all, if the worst comes to the worst, it can be done as simply and easily and even more comfortably at home, or in cheery little "after theatre" restaurants like Rules in Maiden Lane, or *chez* Ciro or the Midnight Follies or the Ritz, or that youngest (I think) of night clubs, the Silver Slipper, where the Revellers (straight from Princes) were joyously functioning last week.

卐

OR, indeed, at any of these fancy dress dances such lots of people have been giving, including the Duchess of Sutherland's—and they do say Mr. Willie Clarkson must have added quite a lot to his already large wealth thereby, especially as the latest mode's to change your costume at least once in the evening besides. Which reminds me, London'll be simply full of real Kings and Queens from abroad soon, all come to have just a glance at London in the Season—which sure enough, methinks, is some sight, what?

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

A PRESENTATION AT THE PICCADILLY

A casket reproduction of the Jowett in which Mr. Frank Gray made the first crossing of the African Continent from the West Coast to the Red Sea by car. The casket was presented to Mr. Gray by Sir George Beharrell on behalf of the Dunlop organisation at a public luncheon given in his honour last week at the Piccadilly Hotel

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Central News *L. N. A.*

J. BRUGNON (left) and W. T. TILDEN, who beat him 6-3, 6-1, 3-6, 7-5

N. A. *Topical*

MRS. GODFREE (left), who fell to MISS RYAN, the latter winning 3-6, 6-4, 6-4

WIMBLEDON'S SECOND WEEK

SOME ANTE-FINAL IMPRESSIONS

By H. S. SCRIVENER

WONDERFUL tennis in wicked weather. This will give to such as were not there a nutshell notion of what most of the second week of Wimbledon was like. Between Monday at starting time and Wednesday evening only seven matches were got through on the "outside" courts. They were soaked with the rain and hardly had they begun to be playable when they were soaked again, so that it very soon became evident that the tournament would last on into the present week. Even on the two "tented" courts —the centre and No. 1—play could only be carried on intermittently. Many matches were played in two, some even in three, pieces. Nobody likes that; Tilden dislikes it particularly. Once, when a match was stopped in which he and Hunter wanted but one more game, he expressed his chagrin by throwing his racquet to the ground. Some of the papers magnified this into a "scene"; it was nothing of the kind. It was just the gesture of an impulsive temperament. He naturally wanted to polish off the match, but it was raining so hard that if the court had been left exposed any longer it would have been ruined for the rest of the day. Parenthetically, this match provided a minor thrill, for the two young Englishmen, Pryce-Jones and Latchford, stood up to the two big men with courage and skill.

TUESDAY was a great day; into it were crowded the downfall of the reigning lady champion, Mrs. Godfree, and of the brilliant Betty Nuthall; the survival, only by the barest possible margin, of Señorita de Alvarez, the most fascinating of women to watch, against Mrs. Watson; the wonderful sprint of Cochet, which carried him home in three quick sets after he had lost the first two to Hunter, and the victory of Crole-Rees and Eames over the two French "Aces" Borotra and Lacoste—a great feather in the hitherto unadorned cap of England.

MRS. GODFREE'S defeat by Miss Ryan was a turnover. They had met a fortnight before at Beckenham, and Mrs. Godfree had won. Not for some time past has Miss Ryan played the attacking game which is her *forte* with such fearless persistency. It was her determination to attack and to keep on attacking, even after some of her attacks had failed, that carried her home. Mrs. Godfree was not at her best when she usually is, *i.e.*, in the final set. She was forced to counter-attack, but her length was not good enough to enable her to go to the net with real profit, and in trying for a deeper drive she hit many a ball out. Right at the end I thought that she was going to achieve one of her famous recoveries; it looked like it when she saved the ninth game after Miss Ryan had been "within a point." But it was not to be. As the Americans say she "trailed" in the next game, and Miss Ryan's strong service took her out.

THE joke about the match between Miss Nuthall and Miss Fry was that, as soon as "Betty" had beaten Mrs. Mallory, several of the critics wrote of her as if the championship was as good as in her pocket. They forgot that she does not always "go mad" as she did against Mrs. Mallory. In sober earnest her defeat by Miss Fry was always on the cards. Miss Fry had beaten Miss Bouman, who had just won the championship of France for Holland and was properly placed by the Selection Committee ahead of Mrs. Mallory. And yet Miss Fry, when she came to play Miss Wills in the semi-final, was virtually nowhere, which brings me to Thursday, a greater day still, and the first day of the week under which the rain kept off and we saw tennis played under something like normal conditions.

THIS was the day on which the great Tilden went down beaten by Cochet in a match which turned upside down, when it was nearly all over in Tilden's favour, and was won by Cochet—not in the dashing and debonair way in which he usually wins his big matches, but by sheer patience and hard graft combined with an occasional judicious burst of Cochet-like

ECLIPSES

Some leading lights of the Ch

SPAIN TRIUMPHANT *L. N. A.*

Señorita L. de Alvarez shaking hands with the Californian star, Miss Ryan, whom she beat in the semi-final round of the Ladies' Singles. After losing the first set, the Spanish girl won the match by 2-6, 6-0, 6-4

L. N. A. L. N. A.

MISS BETTY NUTHALL (left) and her conqueror, MISS JOAN FRY, who won 1-6, 6-3, 6-4

L. N. A. Photo Illus.

MRS. PEACOCK (left) and her vanquisher, MISS HELEN WILLS. The score was 6-3, 6-1

WIMBLEDON
pionships and their extinguishers

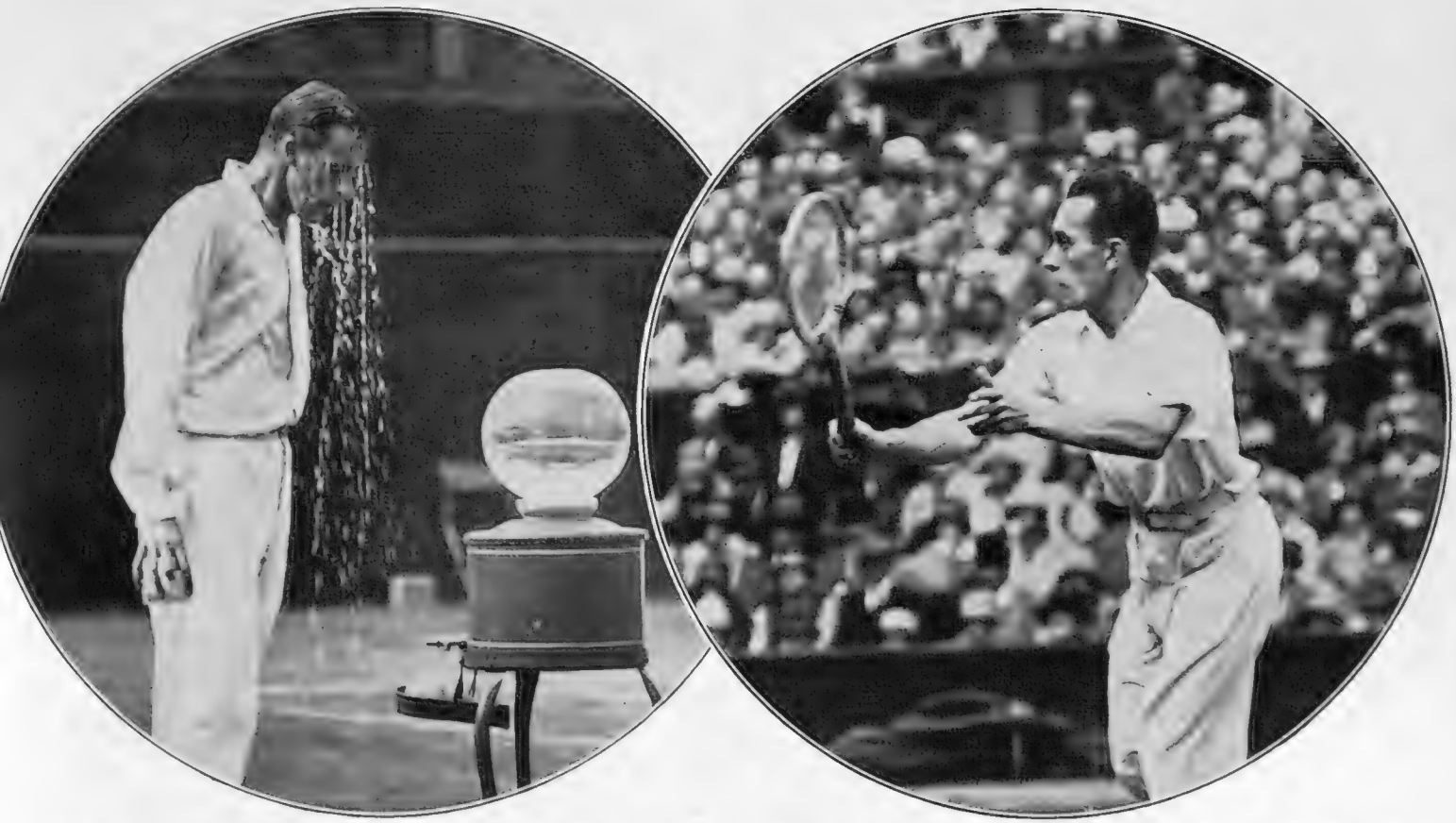
aggression. He made a bungling beginning of his campaign, and nearly came to grief, not once but several times. Yet by "sticking it" he prevailed in the end.

THIS time last week the commonest remark among the various men of my acquaintance who are capable of discussing such matters more or less learnedly was "I cannot see who is going to beat Tilden." The one who was deemed most likely to do it was Lacoste. And yet within a shortish time of Tilden's defeat Lacoste was also numbered among the slain. Borotra, who had hitherto scrambled through his matches not too convincingly, was his conqueror, and I am at a loss to explain how it happened. The solution may lie in the bandages with which Lacoste's sword arm was swathed, a precaution against a threatened attack of neuritis. I do not know. Putting that question aside, I see from my notes that Borotra, after winning the first two sets somehow and being apparently collared in the third and fourth, bobbed up again surprisingly in the fifth and won it with a burst of speed which carried him out from 2-2. But I shall still doubt whether this year's final at Wimbledon has been fought out by the world's two finest players.

ON the other hand, I pick out Miss Helen Wills and Señorita de Alvarez—the result of their final (like the other singles final) is on the knees of the gods as I write—as the world's two best women. But our own English players and Miss Ryan, who became what she is in England and not in America, are only a little way behind them. South Africa has hardly lived up to our expectations, but I don't wonder at it. Her players do not bargain for the sort of weather we had last week.

ONE of Thursday's curious results was the defeat of Crole-Rees and Eames, the conquerors of Borotra and Lacoste. It was, of course, on the cards that Lycett and Austin would beat them, but no one could have foreseen that they were going to do it in straight sets. The great Harry once remarked oracularly that Golf is a funny game. It can claim no monopoly of the epithet.

H. S. S.



Photographs THE GREATEST ECLIPSE OF ALL *Sport and General*

W. T. Tilden (left) taking a "shower" during his match with H. Cochet in the semi-final round. After losing the first two sets at 2-6, 4-6, the Frenchman forged ahead to win the next three sets and the match at 7-5, 6-4, 6-3

Who said Wolf?

TRAVEL HARDSHIPS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

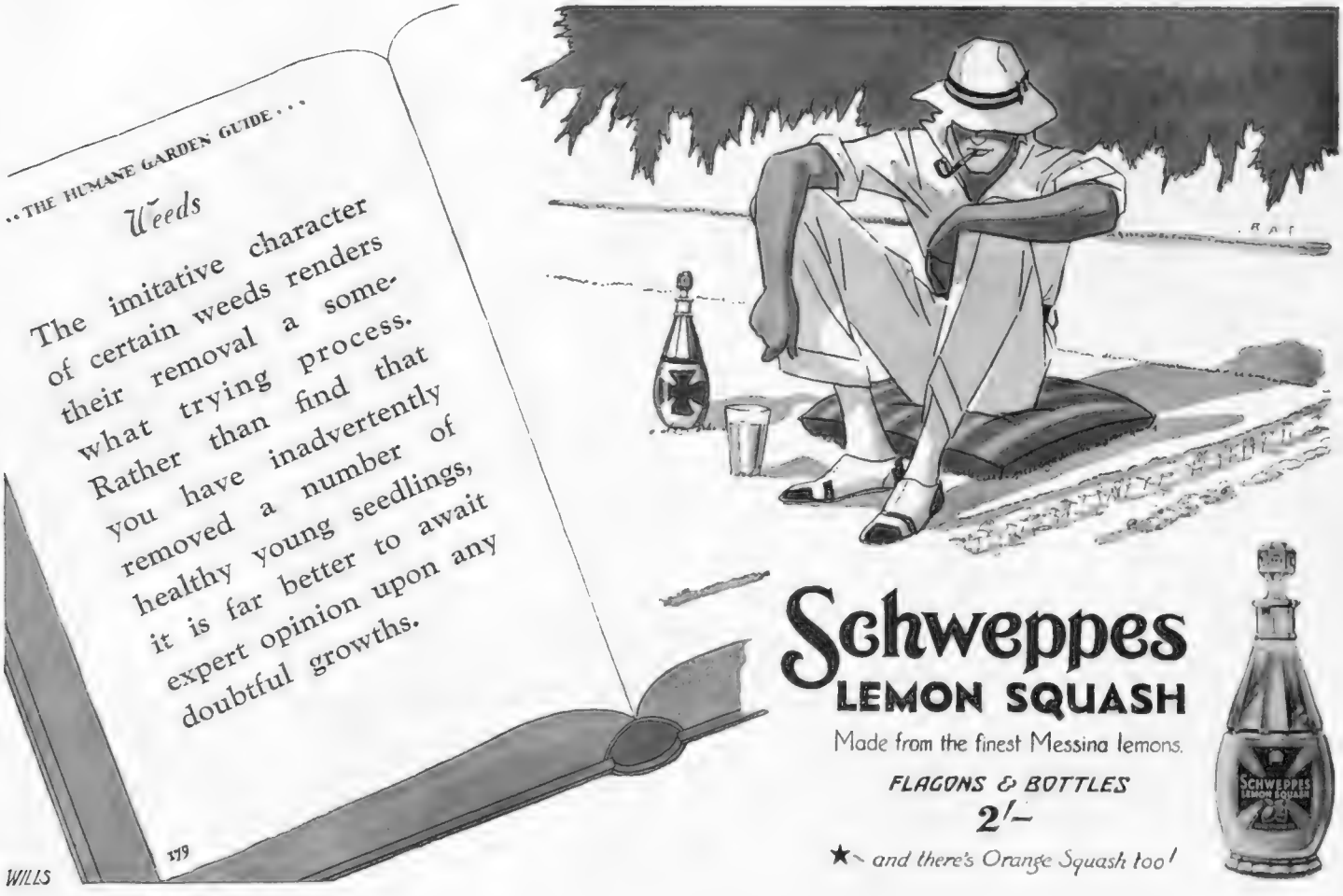
IN different parts of the country a dozen Dog Shows have been arranged for to-day, Wednesday, including Pekingese at Knightsbridge, and so-called "Toy" Dogs generally at Norwich and Leeds. Richmond Show next Tuesday will be a big *tamasha*, and, given decent weather, a very jolly one: a picnic in charming surroundings, at which you may study in the open many of the finest Dogs in the kingdom, from as far afield as the Highlands and the Duchy, not to mention Corgis and others from the Welsh hills.

Dogs who do their railway travelling, especially in summer, in properly designed and amply roomy Dog-boxes, well ventilated, have no particular grouse to offer, thank you. But those who, thanks to the ignorance or criminal carelessness of folk who should be their best friends, are cramped into old sugar-boxes of half the proper size, or the like, and then slammed into crowded luggage vans for long journeys, have quite another story to tell. I saw one—a beautiful if rather corpulent Field Spaniel—released from such a death-trap at a country station the other day, pretty well at his last gasp; and I've promised to pay solicitor's expenses from my own pocket if his consignor can be prosecuted for what is really an inexcusable form of cruelty. Far better let a Dog travel on the chain (even, if that can't be avoided, with a muzzle on) than in an inadequate box. And any travelling box is inadequate if, apart from being properly ventilated, it is not big enough to permit of its occupant standing up and turning round with ease. The railway companies ought to lay down strict regulations on the point, and insist on inspection before despatch.

Last week's references to "Wolf-children" in India brought an odd letter from a reader, who says:—"Since all Dogs are presumably descendants of wolves, why should we not improve the hardihood of some by means of crossing with wolves? I'm sure some of the Alsatians I see at Shows are shrinking and timid as hares." A more unhappy bit of false reasoning never was. In the first place, there's no more evidence of Dogs being descended from wolves than of lions being descended from tigers; and in the second place the only qualities which can be grafted upon the Dog by crossing with the wolf are qualities which every intelligent person detests.

Every effort to make wolves Dog-like has failed; and, as German and other Alsatian breeders have found to their cost, few things are more difficult than breeding out the horrid stain of wolf blood once it has been allowed to touch a canine family. Any such Dr. Moreau nastiness ought to be tabooed, for it's wholly harmful. Wolf is wolf and Dog is Dog—praise be!—and never should the twain be crossed. Wolf is a wild beast; cunning, treacherous, furtive, cruel, invincibly hostile to man.

Dog, since before ever history began to be written, is a domestic animal—not domesticated, but domestic, look you!—and man's loyal comrade and partner among quadrupeds. Study the skull: eyes, cheek, muzzle, temple, ears; and the loins, tail and feet of wolves and Dogs; and (apart from the vital question of their radically differing natures and character) you will see that, while hyena, jackal and coyote may be of the wolf's kindred, Dogs are not, never have been, and never by any perverse contriving on man's part should be.



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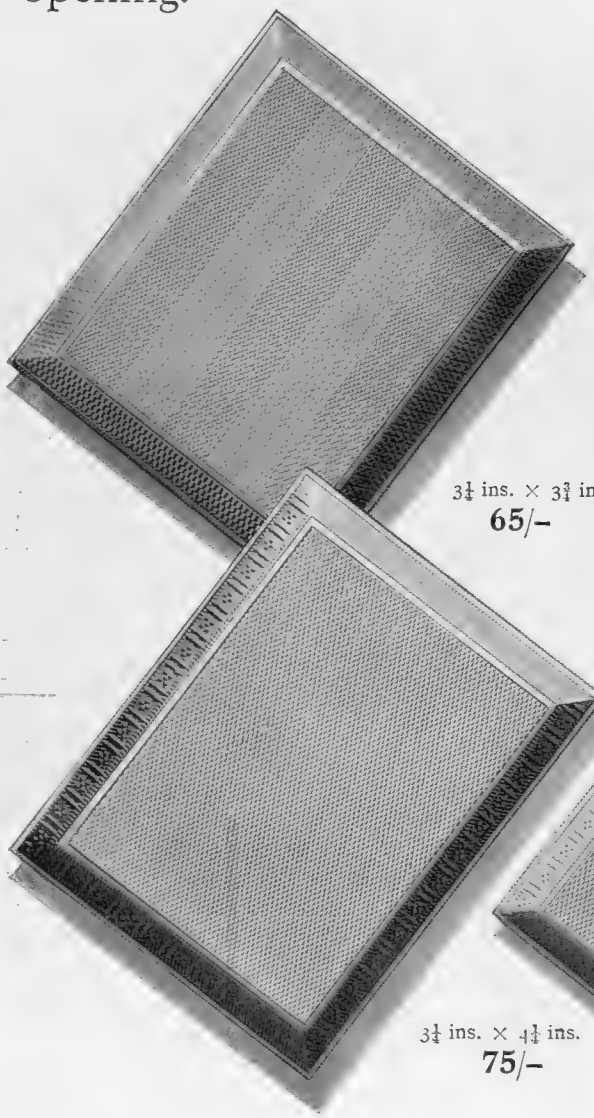

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SLIPS OF THE TONGUE

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

Slips of the tongue when a player makes a wrong bid unintentionally occur from time to time. They are sometimes amusing, sometimes tragic, according to the point of view. They are easily understandable. Sometimes they are due to carelessness and inattention. But more often they are attributable to a train of thought.

Our law (No. 47) on the matter is somewhat ambiguous. It says that "if a bid is *obviously* a misnomer, and is amended *practically* in the same breath it stands as corrected." The italics are mine.

In these days, when some players make fancy bids and call suits of which they are bare, it is not possible to say that any bid is "obviously" a misnomer. Only the player who has made the wrong bid is in a position to say this.

"Practically in the same breath" is also a very doubtful phrase. I take it that the declarer must not pause so that you can notice it, cough or sigh and then amend his bid.

Not infrequently it happens that a player makes a wrong bid by mistake and does not correct it in practically the same breath or before the next player has spoken. More than once in my experience such mistake has turned out advantageously to the bidder. Here is a case in point.

Score game all. Z dealt and held S.: A, K, Q, 10, 9, 2. H.: 3. D.: A, K, 3. C.: K, 9, 6. He intended to bid "Four Spades," but inadvertently called "Four Hearts." Before he had realised his mistake all the other players had said "No bid."

His partner, who appeared astonished, put down—S.: 3. H.: A, K, J, 10, 5. D.: 9, 6. C.: Q, 10, 8, 7, 5. Clubs were opened and Z made a little Slam in Hearts. The finesse in Hearts was successful, and the Hearts were divided Q, x, x, and 9, x, x, x. An extraordinary result from a slip of the tongue.

Another comedy of errors in which the result turned out happily for the player who had made the slip is given by Mr. Lenz in his book.

S.—A, K, Q, 9, 7, 4.
H.—3.
D.—A, K, Q.
C.—Q, 9, 6.

S.—J, 10, 8, 6, 5, 2. H.—10, 9, 7. D.—7. C.—A, K, 10.	Y A B Z	S.—3. H.—A, Q, 5, 4, 2. D.—J, 10, 6, 5, 2. C.—8, 3.

S.—None.
H.—K, J, 8, 6.
D.—9, 8, 4, 3.
C.—J, 7, 5, 4, 2.

Score, game all. Y dealt and thinking it advisable to try to shut out a Heart bid decided to pre-empt with "Three Spades." But owing to a slip of the tongue, due to his mental process, he really said "Three Hearts." B liking the bid, said nothing, and Z, in dire fear of Spades being shown, jumped the bid to four Hearts!

A, with a profound dislike of all pre-emptive bids, hated to be silenced in this way. The bidding appeared to him to indicate that his partner must be void of Hearts, so with the true speculative spirit, he bid "Four Spades." Y doubled, and all passed. Y opened the King of Spades and followed with the King and Queen of Diamonds. A trumped the second round of Diamonds, and when the Heart finesse was lost to Z the air seemed permeated with deep suspicion and distrust.

A Club was returned and was won with the King by A, but the next Heart lead was ruffed by Y, and A looked unspeakable things!

When the penalty of 518 was being recorded, B ventured to enquire somewhat diffidently: "Why, partner, did you bid such a lot of Spades when we could have stung the Heart contract?"

"Serves you right," was the vicious retort. "Why didn't you double the Hearts?"

If you are in the Fashion

your hair *must* be full of vitality. A sparkling sheen over all its curly waviness or its sleek, close-groomed surface.

To keep that lustre and vitality, regular brushing with the right kind of brush is essential—and you cannot buy a brush to equal the "MASON PEARSON" for this purpose. Its bristles get to the scalp and massage and stimulate it, and cleanse the hair from all impurities Most other kinds of brushes just skim over the surface, but the "MASON PEARSON" penetrates, cleanses, and brings new life and loveliness to every strand of hair.

Just as a smart coiffure is essential to modern fashion, so is a "MASON PEARSON" Brush essential to maintain a smart coiffure.

A few moments a day at a cost of a ld. a week, that is all it means—but so much depends on it.

Don't buy a hairbrush till you have actually tested a "MASON PEARSON." Any Store, Hairdresser or Chemist will be pleased to show you a "MASON PEARSON"—the original and best rubber cushion brush, patented 1885.

Made in seven grades:

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"Shingle,"	4 9
"Universal,"	5 9
"Junior,"	7/5
"Popular,"	10 6
"Standard,"	15 -
"Extra,"	18 6

Look for the name on the handle.

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BY APPOINTMENT

"Hath all the good Gifts of Nature"

Twelfth Night.

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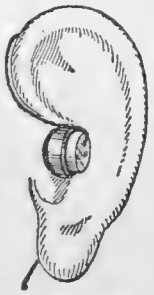

"SHELLACON"

A MARVEL IN MINIATURE

After years of experiment, innumerable tests—both theoretical and practical, the "SHELLACON" has been perfected and within about six weeks, since its introduction to the public, has achieved a truly astonishing measure of success. To-day, to use any other kind of hearing device, and imagine it is as good as can be bought, is like deceiving oneself into the belief that from an old type of wireless set one obtains the same degree of volume, the same realistic tone, the same clear, undistorted and natural reproduction which belong alone to the very latest instruments. Any engineer will tell you it is sheer fallacy. Any deaf person who now uses the "SHELLACON" will tell you unhesitatingly that this new invention of aural experts attains a height of perfection almost unbelievable.

YOU CAN BARELY SEE IT, FEEL IT, OR REMEMBER YOU ARE WEARING IT
AND OTHER PEOPLE ARE LEFT COMPLETELY IN THE DARK AS TO YOUR BEING HARD OF HEARING. EVEN WHEN SHOPPING, TRAVELLING OR DANCING THEY CAN SELDOM DETECT THAT YOU ARE DEAF.

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FRIENDS BECOME ASTONISHED AT THE WAY YOU HEAR

for the accepted idea is that a big clumsy and conspicuous instrument is essential to transmit all sounds to the deaf, or else that a small one requires the speaker to shout or come quite close to it. The "SHELLACON" is completely revising this old contention for not only is it so small as to be practically invisible but so sensitive to sound waves that the average deaf user can hear every word of conversation spoken in perfectly normal tones and at any distance within the reach of normal ears, even with the instrument concealed under the clothing.

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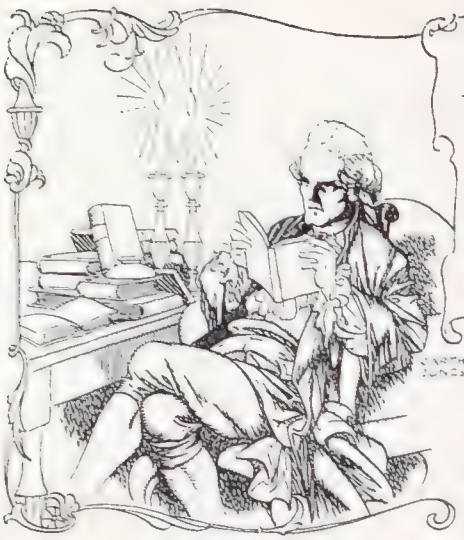


A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

THE novels and stories of T. F. Powys are already placed amongst those first editions of living writers which are prized by collectors. He will not be found in the ranks of the "best-sellers," and there are intelligent people to whom his work will never make a great appeal. Unquestionably, however, he belongs to that little group of serious writers who, to make use of a word beloved by the older generation of critics, "count." But so does his brother, J. C. Ask almost any American with literary tastes about John Cowper Powys, and you will be told that he is not only a critic of very remarkable powers, but a novelist of unusual distinction, and the finest lecturer in the world. For myself, I have the highest opinion of the work of both the brothers, and could wish that it were more widely appreciated.

There is, however, a third brother, Llewelyn, who, rather late in life (like T. F.), has discovered in himself literary powers of a high order. A year or two ago I mentioned his *Ebony and Ivory*, which contained some African sketches quite out of the ordinary, and since then three other unplaceable books of his have been printed. I call them "unplaceable" because they do not conform to any particular set of rules, though each is an experiment in self-revelation such as few other writers would care to attempt.

Take a look at the latest of these. It is called *The Verdict of Bridlegoose* (Cape: 18*s.* net), and, superficially speaking, it is a plain account of things seen, and people met, by the author in the United States. But it is so much more than a plain account that I am a little uncertain how best to describe it. There is autobiography, of course, but there is also plain speaking about other people of a kind that you find all too rarely in a book. There is a philosophy of life sketched out, which may be so little to your liking that you will want to believe yourself displeased, if not actually disgusted. And yet I fancy that, like myself, you will find the book refusing to be laid down until it is finished. Candidly, I do not know what it is about the work of this youngest of the three brothers that fascinates you most, but fascinate you it does, and you should make a point of reading it all.

❋

FEW enough books are fitly illustrated by their authors. I think immediately of Mr. Donald Maxwell, who continues his unorthodox explorations of little-known England. But Mr. H. M. Alderman is hardly less adventurous than he. *The Charm of Old Surrey* (Drane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is not only a mine of curious information, but also a picture-gallery of a most unusual kind. (It must contain, I should think, well over a hundred and fifty drawings.) The author does not profess to be a literary man, but he has poked an inquisitive nose into all sorts of odd places, and made pencil sketches of anything that interested him, and in consequence his book is a new and most agreeable kind of guide.

The churches, of course, occupy the chief place in his antiquarian affections, but it is not only their contours that come in for detailed attention. Fonts, lecterns, old doors and windows, woodwork and mural paintings, quaint relics (like the stocks), queer houses and inns—these are but a few of Surrey's picturesque treasures about which Mr. Alderman writes with pleasant enthusiasm.

❋

MR. DONALD SINDERLEY has not only found an excitingly unfamiliar background for his first novel, *The Jewel of Malabar* (Murray: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), but he has also given an agreeably new twist to an old (if always popular) theme. His story of a young baronet's love for a native woman is skilfully worked into a thrilling account of the little-known Moplah rebellion of six or seven years ago. It would have been easy to exaggerate both the young man's romance, and the horrors of the fanatics, but Mr. Sinderley had no need to do so. Sir John Bennville's adventures may be unusual, but they read like the truth, and the novel shows no callow experimentation. It is a jolly romance, told simply and well

❋

MR. ARTHUR MILLS is not very complimentary to Paris in his new novel, *Live Bait* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), but I dare say he would be the first to admit that it is hardly more dangerous to susceptible young men than any other European capital. Poor Tony Wharton, at any rate, comes to no good there. He loses his girl, his little friend tires of him, and only when things are about as bad as they can be does he have his first piece of luck and find money enough to start afresh on an Argentine ranch.

The story is not Mr. Mills's best, but it has pleasant interludes in the hunting field. Personally, I think that he has been rather hard on Tony, for, fascinating as Jasmine is, it seems difficult to believe that a man of his breeding could change in the way he does. Yet I admit that this change is most cleverly portrayed. I expect Mr. Mills has a grudge against Paris. I certainly prefer him in the Shires.

R. S.

Lieut. G. Sturges, R.N.

"THE BYSTANDER" IN HONG KONG

A photograph of five officers of the Naval Fleet Air Arm, stationed at Hong Kong, forgetting the China question in a copy of "The Bystander." They are: Lieut. Willoughby, R.N., Surg.-Lieut. Bradfield, R.N., Lieut. Pugh, R.N., Lieut. Healy, R.N., and Lieut. Sparks, R.N.

A Comprehensive Guide

The 1927 edition of *A Satchel Guide to Europe*, by Rolfe and Crockett, has just been published by Messrs. Gay & Hancock, Ltd., and is fully worth its price of one guinea. This edition has been enlarged by the addition of the Scandinavian countries, and thoroughly revised and brought up to date. Every important route is described, the war zones are fully treated, and all information essential for the most enjoyable holidays is given. It should find a place among every tourist's "accessories."

For Musicians

The third edition of the famous Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians will be published by Macmillan & Co. this year in five volumes, Vol. I, A to C, 773 pages, appearing in October. Grove's great work has now held its unique position in the world of music for fifty years, and has grown from the two volumes, originally published in 1877, to the five volumes of the present edition. The work as a whole has 96 full-page plates of illustrations, of which 24 are reproduced in colour, and each volume is published at 30*s.* net.

IN REFLECTIVE MOOD

BY C. AMBLER

Those who would like an unmounted reprint, in full colour, of this design are invited to write to John Walker & Sons, Ltd., 12, Mark Lane, London, E.C.3. It will be sent free.

Femina

THE OTHER NEW YEAR

By MRS. M. VINCE

We are much less inclined to work by the calendar than we imagine. We reckon more often by events. This is the 28th year of the 20th century, but no one ever reckons in that way. We all count the passing years now (and how long shall we continue to do it?) from the beginning or end of the War. In the same way most of us have two new years. There is that new year which begins on January 1, and not all the jokes about good resolutions which will never be fulfilled, and not all the increasing noise with which it is received, can prevent that being a solemn end and beginning. But besides that new year most of us have our own private dates, when we feel that one year has ended and another has begun.

Some, perhaps, reckon by their birthdays (it was on his birthday that Dr. Johnson made his good resolutions). Some may have other private anniversaries which begin a new year. Some, according to their occupations, may reckon by the seasons—like cricketers and footballers and salmon-fishers and people who open oysters. For them there is a beginning of a new year when the season for their sport or work begins. But for those whose years are passed in regular and continuous work the second beginning of a year comes with the summer holiday. It is then, again, one feels a whole year to have passed, and looks back to the beginning of it, the last summer holiday, and again counts up all that has happened in the year.

The holiday itself lies outside time. It belongs almost to another life which one lives in fragments, adding a little bit more to it every summer. And it is during this other life, perhaps even more than in the week between Christmas and the New Year, that one is ready to make good resolutions for one's daily life. In that more spacious atmosphere of holidays it is very easy to plan magnificently for the new year which will begin when one goes home. If we all lived our lives according to our dreams dreamed in the summer holidays what a different world it would be!

The mere preparations that we make for the summer holidays are a sign that a year is ending. They are a double preparation. Or rather there are going on at the same time a preparation and a clearing up. If there were no summer holiday how many things would never get done at all! It is rather alarming to find, as the holiday gets near, how much there is that one had meant to do and never done, how many things have been postponed, and for how many weeks or even months one has been meaning to do them. I have known people to do very hurriedly just before their summer holiday things that they had meant to do as soon as they came back from the holiday of the previous year. There is something final and inexorable about that date on which one will go away. One has not quite the same feeling about the first of January. Banks and businesses may close their books on December 31 and open new ones on January 1, but in our little private affairs the old year glides on into the new. There are dilatory people who would think nothing of postponing things from the end of December to February or March, and yet these same people feel it impossible to leave them over from the end of July to the beginning of September.

AT EXERCISE

An unconventional portrait of Prince Farouk, son and heir of King Fuad of Egypt. The photograph was taken by Queen Nazli at the Montaza Palace, near Alexandria

It is extraordinary the number of things which get done in these last few weeks before the holiday, things which have nothing to do with the holiday itself, from going to see the dentist to getting an umbrella recovered. It is then that one discovers the superfluous things and the worn things which can be given away. It is then that one discovers that one is using old things which ought to have been replaced long ago. It is then that the untidy drawer can remain untidy no longer. One has cheerfully endured that untidy drawer for months, using it daily and never troubled by its disorder, which has in fact become so familiar that it is almost as convenient as order. But such is the influence of that date for going away that one cannot endure the thought of it remaining untidy for a month or six weeks—when one will not be using it at all. It is then that the furs which ought to have been put away in the spring get put away, and the winter clothes are looked at to be certain that they have enough moth powder—and so on and so on. Everyone can extend for herself the list of those things which have nothing to do with the holiday, but certainly would never be done if it were not coming.

Pauline

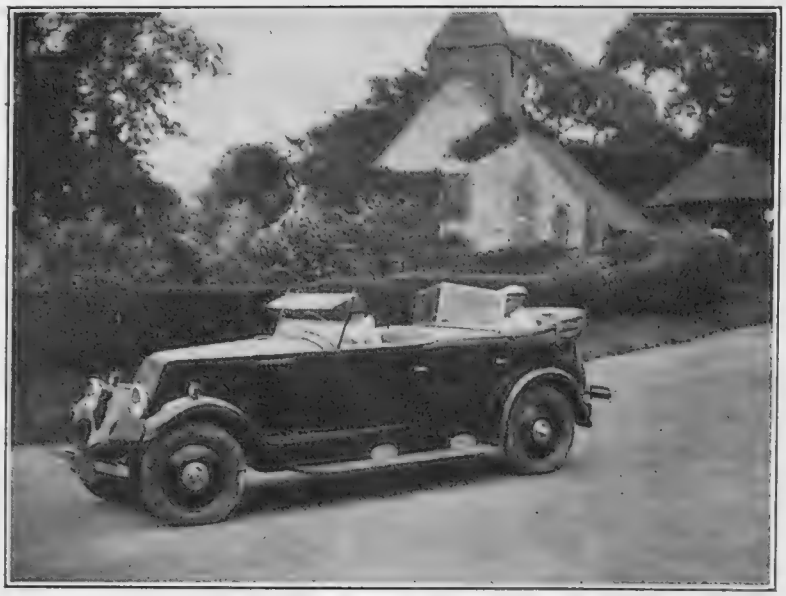
THE PIPES OF PAN

Miss Rosemary Rock photographed in a charming setting that is well suited to her beauty and grace. She is understudying Miss Ardath de Sales in "Princess Charming" at the Palace Theatre

If I ever met a woman who told me that before she went away for the summer holiday she had had nothing to do except what was actual preparation for the holiday itself, I should tell her that she had the perfectly organised house and life. I have never met her yet; I do not expect ever to meet her; and if I do I am afraid I shall suspect her of not telling the whole truth.

From a provincial paper: "Yorkshire sat all day after losing the toss." This only shows what splendid trenchermen these Tykes are.

MOTOR NOTES



IMPOSING LINES

The Renault Light Six, with a touring body, on a country road. The car, with its handsome lines and ample room, is remarkable value at its new price of £415

THERE is no change so surprising as that in the attitude of everyone to the pedestrian question. When, a short time ago, the Chief Constable of Carmarthenshire publicly suggested that pedestrians ought to be made responsible for negligent walking as motorists are for negligent driving the idea was so amazing that it was quoted in all the newspapers, and in many quarters it was frankly laughed at. A brief twelve months has proved him right. Developments to control the pedestrian are to be seen on every hand. Statistics of accidents nowadays always have a heading for those directly caused by negligence of pedestrians. The example of America is often quoted, where in many towns pedestrians have to cross at certain places and under certain conditions, neglect of which brings a fine on the spot. Just lately the Paris police have taken the same line and have started a campaign to regulate the movements of pedestrians.

***

THAT smart and modern body lines need not mean restricted space for the occupants of a touring car is proved by the Renault Light Six. To look at, this is a striking and distinctive car. The straight deck line, so popular to-day, blends perfectly with the well-known Renault bonnet. The car looks attractively long and low; yet its seating is extraordinarily deep, as is evidenced by our picture above. This is only one of the many features that make for comfort in the coachwork of this fine French product, a sample of which I had for trial recently. Another is the arrangement of the rear windscreen. Rear windscreens with loose aprons of the usual type create a worse evil than that which they set out to cure. They force a searching gale downwards into the rear cockpit. I have often wondered if the apron could not be shaped so as to deck in the space between the back and front seats. On the Renault this is done, and a covered-in space is created for the feet as cosy and draught-free as under the scuttle dash in the driver's compartment.

***

THE Renault Light Six is just over 3 litres capacity, carrying a tax of £21. Amongst its features are a very sweet clutch and easy gear-change and extremely light and low-geared steering, so that, in spite of the generous dimensions of the balloon tyres, it is easy to manœuvre at slow speeds in confined spaces. The springing is a trifle tight, and the brakes I thought required a little too much effort to apply, though they did their work well. In spite of the comfortable dimensions and solidity of the coachwork the engine has plenty of

(*Continued on page* iv)

THREEFOLD SMASH.

CAR AND LORRIES WRECKED & 3 PEOPLE INJURED.

The Great West Road at Bedfont, Middlesex, was the scene last night of yet another accident, on this occasion three motor vehicles being involved and three persons injured.

* * *

Before the two wrecked cars could be moved a four-seater motor-car collided with one of the smashed vehicles and was itself smashed up. The driver of the motor-car, Capt. [redacted] of [redacted] House, near Reading, escaped injury, but his wife, who was sitting next to him, was thrown through the wind-screen and was so badly injured that she was taken to Staines Cottage Hospital and detained.

Extract from "The Daily Mail," 5th April, 1927.

CUT BY SPLINTERED GLASS

FROM "The Motor," 24th May, 1927. Speaking of *Triplex*: "The greatest risk in the event of a collision is of severe cuts caused by fragments of broken glass, and any invention which prevents pieces of glass becoming detached in the event of a fracture is of vital importance in increasing the factor of safety in motoring."

Are you still exposing your passengers to this grave risk? Be warned in time.

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Fit "Triplex" and be Safe

REGR

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WOLSELEY

WOLSELEY MOTORS (1927) LTD., ADDERLEY PARK, BIRMINGHAM.

D.A. 11.

power in hand, a cruising speed of between 40 and 45 being maintained without effort up hill and down dale, while the maximum I should judge to be in the neighbourhood of 60 m.p.h. Altogether a most attractive car, with a sense of distinction in its control as well as its appearance.

* * *

THE price of this model has just been reduced to £415 for the 5-seater illustrated—at which, by the way, it is claimed to be the cheapest 3-litre Six on the market. This is one of the imposing list of Renault price reductions just recently announced. The 14-45 h.p. 4-cylinder Model de Luxe open tourer has come down from £355 to £298, and the English open tourer on the same chassis from £365 to £325. Another attractive reduction on the Light Six chassis is that of the Weymann 7-seater type saloon from £565 to £478.

* * *

THE Associated Rubber Manufacturers, Ltd., have recently arranged to give a discount of 15 per cent. off all Ballonette tyres and tubes, whether high pressure or low pressure, to enable motorists who do not take advantage of their free retreading scheme to get their discount direct when buying new tyres and tubes. This company's free retreading scheme, in which the whole amount paid for retreading a tyre is allowed off the cost of a new tyre of this make which may be subsequently purchased is, of course, being continued.

A FINE PERFORMANCE

A 14-40 h.p. Vauxhall "Bedford" Saloon on a mountain pass between Nantua and Bellegarde in the Juras. It made a journey from Ascot to France and Switzerland and back across Germany and Belgium, 1,600 miles in all, without a hitch

ONE often hears it asked why we in this country have none of the super-motor roads of which so much is heard on the Continent, especially in Italy, and for which proposals have often been mooted in England. The clue was to be found in a paper given by Sir Lynden Macassey, one of the British representatives at last year's Road Congress at Milan. He showed that there is violent opposition on the part of the railways, because of the competition which such roads would encourage in the carrying of both goods and passengers. On the other hand, the road-carrying interests are slow to promise financial support for such roads, as they think it should come from public funds, since the roads would be of considerable value to the public.

* * *

IN view of the proposed revival of racing for standard cars in this country, it is interesting to review what has been done in the United States. A wealthy motoring enthusiast presented the Stevens' challenge trophy for competition, the conditions being that a team of three standard stock cars—in all respects similar to those supplied to the public—should run for twenty-four hours on the Indianapolis track. The Stutz Motor Company was the first to enter, its three cars attaining the following remarkable speeds: "Black Hawk," open model, 1,712.45 miles (71.35 m.p.h.); Weymann sedan, 1,612.23 miles (67.17 m.p.h.); standard sedan, 1,612.58 miles (68.44 m.p.h.).

E. M. WRIGHT.

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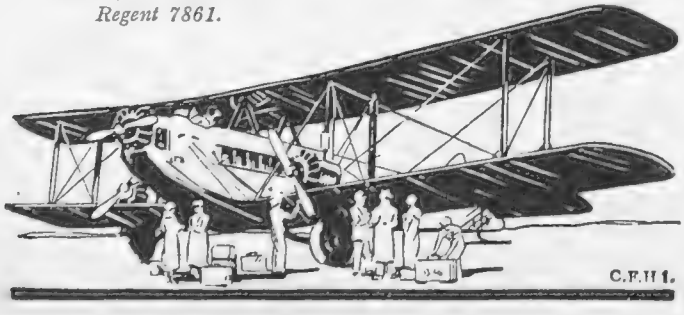

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Styles for 1927

This new 1927 shape is "something different," yet in no sense a freak. Designed by experts, its beauty of line will please the most fastidious.

Battersby Hats are sold by over 850 high-class Hatters in all parts of the country.

Descriptive booklet and list of Agents on application.

Prices
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FOR MEN

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Actual Makers: BATTERSBY & CO., LTD., STOCKPORT

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SORE THROAT

Quickly and Pleasantly Relieved

If your throat has become sore and inflamed through smoking or voice strain, if it feels dry and difficult to swallow—take an "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastille.

Slip one in your mouth—now—or any time—Delicious! isn't it?

The soothing effect of fresh black currant juice and glycerine quickly relieves the most irritated throat.

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Packed in distinctive tin boxes containing:

2 oz. - 8d.
4 oz. - 1/3
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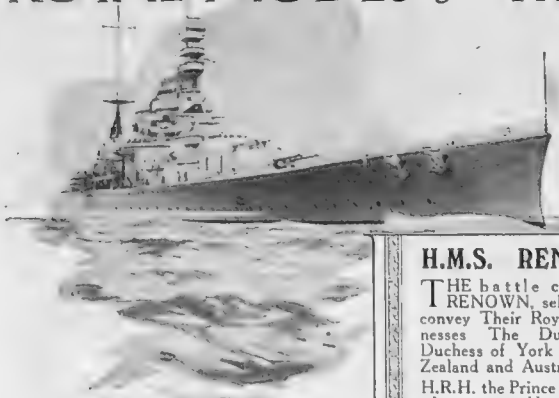
37 Lombard Street, London, E.C. 3

ROYAL MODES of TRAVEL



H.M.S. RENOWN

THE battle cruiser RENOWN, selected to convey Their Royal Highnesses The Duke and Duchess of York to New Zealand and Australia.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales also travelled in the RENOWN when he visited Australia in 1920.

5-str. Touring Car - £675
Fabric Saloon - - - £720
Saloon (Coachbuilt) - £795
Enclosed Limousine - £875
Enclosed Landaulette £895

Ask also for details of the famous 14-h.p. Crossley from £350.

The CAR of RENOWN

A FLEET of Crossley Six Cylinder Cars were selected to convey T.R.H. The Duke and Duchess of York and Staff throughout their Australasian Tour. Like H.M.S. Renown, the Crossley Six typifies the excellence of British Engineering. It is the SIX at its best.

THE Crossley SIX

CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD.,
MANCHESTER.
London Showrooms & Export Dept. 20, Conduit St., W.1

Bank on "BP"

It's British Petrol

You can bank on British Products—petrol as well as 'planes. "BP" is British. It is refined in Britain. It is used by motorists who appreciate quality. It is selected by famous flying men. They all know that they can bank on "BP" for purity, power and consistency. Use "BP" and see how well your engine likes it.

Go to the GREEN "BP" PUMP *for your Petrol*

British Petroleum Co. Ltd Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2
Distributing Organization of the
ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.

Air Travel

Whether you travel by air, road or sea, a bottle or two of "*4711*" Eau de Cologne should always accompany you. Speedy travelling is apt to dry the skin, causing it to smart. It is then you will find "*4711*" so beneficial. A little sprinkled on the handkerchief and dabbling the face and neck will cool and refresh the skin—its fragrance is so delightfully soothing.

At the first opportunity after your journeys end pour some "*4711*" into the toilet water and thoroughly rinse the face, neck and arms. This will remove every vestige of travel fatigue, and skin tiredness. It will restore the radiance of your complexion and completely renew vigour and vitality generally.

It is important when buying your Eau de Cologne you should insist on its being "*4711*" (pronounced four seven eleven) with the Blue and Gold label. It has a reputation of nearly 150 years for absolute purity, guaranteed strength and unrivalled fragrance.

Of all Dealers in High Class Perfumes
2/6, 4/9, 8/9, 14/-, 15/-, 30/- & 56/- per bottle.

No. 4711. Eau de Cologne

Fashion's Fancies

This pretty voile dress with its deep vest and short sleeves is primarily destined for holiday wear and is included in Gamage's, Holborn, sale

The Call of the Sales

MUCH is written about the call of the mountains, the sea and the countryside in general. Personally, however, I consider that the call of the sales is far more insistent. There are bargains here, there and everywhere, especially where summer frocks, frills and furbelows are concerned. There is an infinite variety of artificial flowers, gloves and footwear, as well as the other accessories of the toilet that occupy a prominent position in the affections of the well-dressed woman.

Women frankly declare to-day that it is impossible to look well unless they protect their complexions with cream and then lightly dust their faces with powder

Voile and Linen Frocks

THERE is a splendid assortment of gilt-edge investments at A. W. Gamage's, Holborn, E.C.1, sale, which is in progress. The neat voile frock sketched is only 27*s.* 6*d.*, and looks delightfully *chic* in black, white and cherry, or in black and white with peacock or powder-blue predominating. A vest, collar and cuffs of white voile are effective finishing touches. Also sketched is a linen frock. The skirt, which has a particularly deep hem, is arranged in flat box pleats that give the popular silhouette. The movements of the wearer are never handicapped; it is available for 9*s.* 11*d.* Again, there are artificial silk sleeveless jumpers with square necks, with zebra stripes running across; the latter are introduced also around the hem of the accompanying coat, and the pockets. A similar model, only reversed by having a long-sleeved jumper and sleeveless cardigan, was made in wool for 63*s.* For semi-evening wear there was a variety of taffeta and georgette gowns from 27*s.* 6*d.* to 32*s.* 6*d.*

Underwear for Children

THE modern mother does not make the mistake of overweighting her child with clothes. She realises that warmth is no longer a question of quantity, but of quality. Aertex Cellular is an ideal underwear for children and grown-ups alike. It is manufactured, as the name denotes, by The Cellular Clothing Company, Ltd., and is stocked by all the leading stores. At the top of page viii may be seen a happy little family clad in Aertex undergarments. The cami-knickers worn by the small girl on the left are particularly serviceable in design. The peculiar composition of this material renders it warm in winter and cool in summer. Members of the medical profession are advocating the use of porous clothing for children on account of its ability to prevent colds. Aertex, of course, is porous! Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining it the Cellular Clothing Company, 72, Fore Street, E.C.2, will gladly send you particulars of the nearest agent.

Shoes with Parisian Touch

THE Parisienne has always been noted for her well-shod feet, but nowadays the English woman can truthfully be said to be her equal in this respect. The London Shoe Company, 116, New Bond Street, W.1, are past-masters in the art of designing unique shoes and of giving them that "Parisian touch." Sketched on page viii are a diversity of models to suit every taste. On the extreme left is a patent Court shoe, with a Louis heel, that is 30*s.*, but if you want it adorned with the smart, square steel buckle the price is naturally very considerably increased. Still, buckles are an investment really, and yield a dividend for every fresh shoe. Also portrayed is a *chic*-looking shoe priced at £4 4*s.*, made of calf, with leather Louis heels. The "patch-like"

Here is an altogether charming linen frock that Gamage's Holborn, have included in their summer sale

Sketches by Margot

Happy are these little people, for by day and by night they wear Aertex Cellular raiment, which is sold practically everywhere

markings of the skin are particularly effective looking. On the right is a smart tie shoe in beige glacé, or brown calf, at 58*s.* 6*d.* This model is also obtainable in black lizard at £4 4*s.* For country wear the autumnal shades are foreshadowed, as, for instance, in the brogue on the right, at 58*s.* 6*d.*, which may be had in *suède* or calf in a hazel nut colour, and whose usefulness in no way detracts from its obvious smartness. The tennis shoe, below on the left, is 25*s.*, and those for golf, on the right, in willow calf resembling beech in shading, have a perforated tongue and a crêpe rubber sole, and are only 50*s.*

Shingled Transformations

THOSE of you who have been bemoaning that your grey hair is too scanty to shingle effectively may cease your lamentations and pay a visit instead to Maison Foster, 199, Sloane Street, S.W.1. The grey shingled transformation, sketched on this page, was designed and carried out by this firm, and when worn is really undetectable, so artistic and natural is its conception. The only discernible difference is that you have that well-groomed *coiffured* look which is the aim of every smart woman, and without which the most beautiful toilette looks nothing! Maison Foster are experts in permanent waving, which, by the by, possesses as great a vogue as ever.

Paris Models

SOME wonderful Paris model gowns by Patou, Molyneux, Worth, Callot, Doucet, and other famous designers, will be included amongst the bargains at Jays, Regent Street, W.1, sale, and will make most attractive wear for those holidaying abroad who wish to take smart frocks with them. A new departure which this firm is inaugurating is a Ready-to-Wear Department, where you may obtain the most irreproachably cut sports suits reduced from 8½ to 3 guineas, and tweeds from 9½ to 5 guineas.

Art supplants Nature in woman's crowning glory to-day, and the Maison Foster, 199, Sloane Street, S.W., must be given the credit of the *postische* seen above

Those Unsightly Superfluous Hairs

TO the women who are disfigured by unsightly growths of hair it will be welcome news to learn that a new system has been invented which is guaranteed to eradicate this physical blemish. It is called the Tricho system, and a booklet giving full particulars may be obtained from their London headquarters at 87, Regent Street, W. Dr. Albert C. Geyser, M.D., a New York physician, is the inventor of this system. Actually what he does is to imitate Nature's process of producing baldness, and to attain this result by means of vibratory waves that dry up the hair papilla, and by doing this bring about a permanent cure that rids you for ever of your unwanted, and much disliked, superfluous hair.

A New Design in Brassières

TO Kestos belong the distinction of inventing a *brassière* that combines absolute comfort whilst giving plentiful support and control; there is no stiffening whatsoever. The narrow shoulder straps prevent it from being visible. The garment itself is made in *crêpe de Chine* in three sizes and qualities, and is obtainable at all the leading stores. Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining it application should be made to the firm at 169, Regent Street, W., as they will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent. If made in white, in best quality jap silk, it costs 8*s.* 11*d.*; in silk *crêpe de Chine* 13*s.* 11*d.*

(*Continued on page* x)

Sketches by Ella Fulton

It is such a pleasant task to select shoes for the holidays at the London Shoe Co., 116, New Bond Street, W., as everything is endowed with that Parisian touch

Sparkling smiles are, perhaps, the biggest thing in being beautiful. Thus Pepsodent, that brightens teeth by removing dingy film, is now accepted as a foremost beauty aid

Always Have

Film-Free Teeth

To Gain Smiles That Gleam and Glisten

TEETH and gums are imperilled, say many authorities, by a film that forms on teeth.

Ordinary brushing having failed to combat it effectively, a new way in tooth cleansing has been advised. A way that differs in formula and effect from previous methods—embodied in a special film-removing dentifrice Pepsodent.

Now an effective film combatant

By running your tongue across your teeth, you will feel a film, a slippery sort of coating. Ordinary brushing does not remove it.

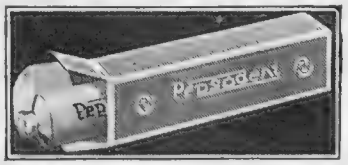
Film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. That is why, according to leading dental opinion, teeth look dingy and "off colour."

Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It is the basis of tartar. It invites decay and must be constantly combated.

To remove film obtain Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice which dentists favour.

Pepsodent curdles the film, then removes it; then polishes the teeth in gentle safety to enamel. It combats the acids which may cause decay and scientifically firms the gums. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva.

On dental advice, people are adopting this new way in tooth cleansing. Obtain Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, from your chemist. Two months' supply at a moderate price. Use twice every day.



2531 *Made in U.S.A.*

PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

IN THE HEART OF PARIS

On the Place de l'Opéra, at "the cross-roads of Europe," stands the Café de la Paix. In and out of its famous grill room flows an endless tide of travelled, experienced people . . . . a critical fastidious company . . . . the epicurean tastes of the five continents. Here, bland and massive, wise with all wisdom in matters of cooking, reigns Lalire, maitre d'hôtel. . . .

"A fine sauce, monsieur—he is like the good conversationalist; he add a touch of zest to the company but he is not too much dominating, n'est ce pas? That is why you find always I serve here the sauce Lea and Perrin without asking. In my experience the taste the most cultivated will demand it. It is something England give to cooking that even France cannot improve!"

a. Lalire

VIVE LA LEA & PERRINS

Defeating Deafness

The very big success of the "Ardente" device to aid deaf people to hear clearly and easily is witnessed by the fact that, in the course of but a few years, Mr. R. H. Dent has found it necessary to take over more commodious and convenient offices at 309, Oxford Street. Here patients can test the advantages gained by using the "Aid the Size of a Button" whilst listening to conversation, the telephone, wireless and music. Those who suffer from the handicap of deafness should visit the "Ardente" offices, or 'phone Mayfair 1380—1718 for an appointment.

Técla Pearls

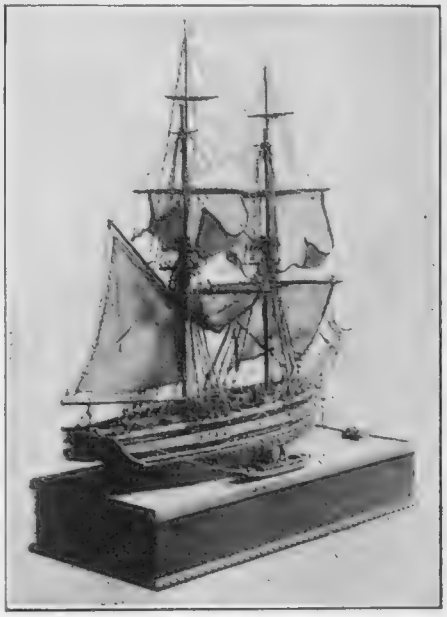
That the demand for Técla pearls is not confined to this country alone is proved by the fact that fine salons where reproductions of pearls and other precious gems are to be purchased exist in Paris, Berlin, Nice and New York. The latest salon of the House of Técla to be opened is at Biarritz, where the famous reproductions are finding much popular favour.

Summer Travel in France

For the benefit of travellers to the Vosges, the Chemin de Fer de l'Est of France is running a special day express between Paris and Gérardmer between July 1 and September 30. The train will leave Paris at 10.45 a.m., arriving at Bains-les-Bains at 4.23 p.m., Epinal at 4.58 p.m., Gérardmer at 6.28 p.m., and Bussang at 7.49 p.m. In the other direction the train will leave Gérardmer at 1.25 p.m., Bussang at 12.13 p.m., Epinal at 2.44 p.m., Bains-les-Bains at 3.15 p.m., arriving in Paris at 8.35 p.m. First and second class accommodation is provided, and restaurant cars are run between Paris and Port d'Atelier.

The Reward of Skill

Many persevering players may be roused to answer the question: Is golf too easy? with an emphatic negative, but the fact remains that during the past twelve months the feat of holing out in one has been performed no fewer than 779 times! We have these statistics on the authority of Messrs. John Walker & Sons, Ltd., the famous Scotch whisky distillers, whose offer of a gift of a bottle of Johnnie Walker to any golfer performing the feat was announced early last summer. "Doing a Johnnie Walker" is, therefore, not as unusual an achievement as many would think!



"CROWN"

A model of a Blyth collier brig discharging into a lighter. It is on view at the Exhibition of Model Ships now being held at the Sporting Gallery, at 32, King Street, Covent Garden

Cigarettes and Beauty

The proprietors of Black Cat cigarettes have hit on a novel way of appealing to ladies who take a proper pride in the care of their complexion. They announce that the genuine Gladys Cooper beauty preparations may now be obtained from them in exchange for coupons collected from packets of Black Cat cigarettes. In exchange for 130 of these coupons a handsome silver-coloured container holding a generous-sized tube of cream, a box of face powder and a box of rouge will be sent. In addition, each container will include an autographed photo of Miss Cooper and her rules on health and care of the complexion.

The Charms of the Lido

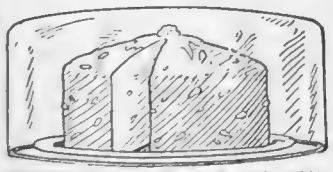
An admirably produced little book with the title of "Lido-Venice" combines the functions of describing that delectable Italian *plage* and providing a half-hour of very interesting reading. In a series of articles it describes every aspect of the life of leisure and amusement on the Lido, and gives information of the arrangements for the coming season. Carefully selected photographs add point to the reading matter and make a strong argument in favour of the Lido's attractions. An especially interesting feature of this book is the delightful embellishment of its pages by Umberto Brunelleschi, whose delicate colour work is already known to readers of THE BYSTANDER. The drawings are all in colour, several of them being full pages of quite exceptional charm.

ORIENT LINE CRUISES
by 20,000 TON STEAMERS
NORWAY & NORTHERN CAPITALS
Managers:-ANDERSON, GREEN & Co Ltd 5, Fenchurch Ave., London, E.C.3.—Branch Offices 14, Cockspur Street, S.W.1. 1, Australia House, Strand.

EASTBOURNE,
QUEEN'S HOTEL
Facing South and directly overlooking the Sea.
200 Rooms, including many
BATHROOM—BEDROOMS and SUITES.
Fully licensed — excellent cooking — week-end dancing.
Moderate Charges. Inclusive or a la carte.
EXTENSIVE GARAGE IN HOTEL GROUNDS

Grey Hair
EVAN WILLIAMS
Tunisian Henna
It's safe

Fly & Dust proof



"TRANSELLA" Cover. Round: 9d., 10½d., and 1/- each size. Oval: 1/3, 1/6, and 2/- each size. From leading stores or from A. W. Abrahams, Wabra House, 134, Pershore Street, Birmingham: Belgian Agent, Jules Nalbach, 46, St. Jacques Market, Antwerp: also opposite Church, Ostend.

ROWLAND'S
is an absolute necessity for the HAIR
MACASSAR OIL

No other preparation preserves, beautifies, and nourishes hair so effectually. Prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., 21s. sizes by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and A. ROWLAND & SON, LTD., London.

DREAM DAYS
Amongst the Glorious Mountains and Lakes of Switzerland. The joy of Gay Paris.

"BONHEUR" TOURS offer you this at moderate inclusive prices no extras, good hotels.
Ex-Officers of the Royal Navy are always at the helm, conducting and helping as guide, counsellor and friend.
Descriptive 48-page booklet, free from our Head Office, Chalet Ketterer, Clarens-Montreux, Switzerland, or from our nearest Agents:
LONDON: Convoy Tours, 11 (Lower) Regent Street, S.W.1.
GLASGOW: H. Kennedy, 10, Waterloo Street.
MANCHESTER: Joan E. Ridgeway, Ltd., 8, Victoria Buildings St. Mary's Gate.

DEAUVILLE

"THE BEACH of BLOSSOMS"

Open to the End of September

Smartest of French seaside resorts. Reached from Paris by four superb motoring roads. Four expresses and one Pullman train daily. All the fashionable sports attain their height in Deauville. The golf is splendid · the polo fields attract the élite of the world. And the saying goes that everybody who is anybody walks sooner or later upon the Deauville beach promenade. The Deauville season crescendoes until the Grande Semaine in August and then continues with a dazzling programme of sporting and social events.

Next year—1928—Deauville inaugurates a second race course—at Claire-fontaine—where racing will continue until the middle of September.

The Smart Hotels of Deauville are

THE NORMANDY 500 ROOMS **THE ROYAL** 450 ROOMS

All with bathrooms and every comfort.

Booking at any Travel Agency. For all other information please apply to Syndicat d'Initiative Deauville (Calvados).

E.B.1674. Superfine Grey Glace Kid Court shoe inlaid with real Java Lizard, Louis XV heel, hand-made throughout ... 65/-

NEW MODELS EVERY MONTH

Every new month sees a big turnover in the LONDON SHOE COMPANY'S stocks. Current models are continually replaced by new exclusive styles. We are thus enabled to offer customers an up-to-the-minute exclusiveness not obtainable elsewhere.

THE

LONDON SHOE

COMPANY LIMITED

116 & 117, NEW BOND STREET, W.1

21 & 22, Sloane Street, S.W.1 *264, Regent Street, W.1* ®

Film Your Holidays WITH A Bell Howell

AMATEUR CINE CAMERA

Just sight your subject, then press the button. No focussing. No handle to turn. Perfect results, £54. *Booklet Free.*

WALLACE HEATON LTD.

119, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1

& 47, Berkeley St., W.1 next door to Thos. Cook's).

Pocket Prism Binocular, SMALL, LIGHT, HIGH POWER.

Made throughout in Dollond Optical Works and fully guaranteed, x 8-64 times super. Twin focussing wheel. Indispensable for Travel, Sport and Marine. Factory surplus, under cost price.

Original Price £10.10
Reduced to 66/-

Complete in leather case. Seven days' approval against cash.

DOLLOND

10, Royal Arcade (Old Bond St.), W.1.
16, Brompton Arcade, Brompton Rd., S.W.3.
2, Northumberland Av., Charing Cross W.C.2.
211, Oxford St. W.1.

EST. 1750

"Glass of Fashion . . . Ranelagh"

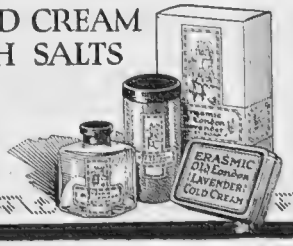
What curtseyings and coquetry — what fashions and feastings—in Ranelagh Gardens down Chelsea way. In 1742 all Society walked there.

Those leisurely days have gone. But the perfume of the past—sweet lavender—is still in fashion. Erasmic Old London Lavender brings the real, old-time fragrance for your hourly pleasure.

Erasmic Old London Lavender

The Perfume of Great Memories

LAVENDER WATER
TOILET SOAP
COLD CREAM
BATH SALTS



Send 1/- in stamps for a dainty sample box of this lovely Lavender Series. Applicable to the United Kingdom only.

Erasmic Co. Ltd., Warrington.

EL 6-26

Welcome the Sunshine!

How many of us are able to do it properly—to bask in it and play in it without that damage to our skins and complexions which spoils all the pleasure? There is a way to enjoy sunshine to the full—to obtain all its benefits without any of its discomforts. The emollient Skin Tonic

BEETHAM'S

La-rola

used regularly on hands, neck, face and arms, keeps the skin in a healthy condition which browns becomingly without peeling or soreness.

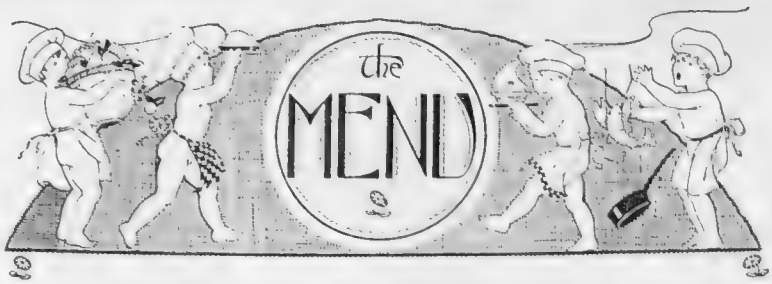
Gentlemen should use it before and after shaving.

From all Chemists and Stores, in bottles, 1/6

THE COMPLEXION

will be greatly improved by using LA-ROLA TOILET POWDER. 2/6 per box, and a touch of LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM, 1- per box, which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell they are artificial.

M. BEETHAM & SON,
CHELTENHAM SPA, ENGLAND.



LOBSTERS AND CRABS

FRICASSÉE OF LOBSTER.
LOBSTER MAYONNAISE.
CRAB AU GRATIN.
DRESSED CRAB.
CRAB SALAD.

Fricassée of Lobster

PICK all the flesh from two medium-sized lobsters, and mince it. Melt 2 oz. of butter in a saucepan, and stir into it two tablespoonfuls of flour. Allow this to cook thoroughly, but not to colour. Then moisten by degrees with three-quarters of a pint of milk, and season with salt, pepper, and a pinch of nutmeg. When well mixed add the lobster, and let it all simmer for ten minutes, stirring it well. Then add a good squeeze of lemon-juice and, if at hand, two tablespoonfuls of cream. The latter, of course, makes the sauce much richer, but it is not really necessary. Heat it all up, but do not let it boil. Serve at once with brown bread and butter.

Lobster Mayonnaise

Place a bed of lettuce in an *entrée* dish, and on it the meat of the lobster. Cover with mayonnaise sauce. Then arrange a border of sliced tomato, hard-boiled egg, and shred lettuce round, and decorate the centre of the mayonnaise with sieved yolk of egg.

Crab au Gratin

Remove the meat from a boiled crab, pound it well, and add to it a slight flavouring of pepper and nutmeg, 1 tablespoonful of salad oil, 2 tablespoonfuls of vinegar, 2 oz. of breadcrumbs, and 1½ oz. of butter. Mix all well together and put the mixture in the shell of the crab. Cover the top with breadcrumbs, place a few pieces of butter on them, and put the shell in the oven to get hot through, and the crumbs browned. Serve garnished with parsley.

Dressed Crab

Pick all the meat out from the shell, divide it into small pieces, and mix it all up with salad dressing, season with salt and a pinch of cayenne, and, having nicely cleaned out the shell, fill the sides with the white flesh and the centre with the soft part, or cream, as it is called. Place on a dish, surround with cress, and garnish with the claws. Serve with a salad.

Crab Salad

Pick the meat from one or two small crabs, and shred it. Wash and dry one large lettuce and a bunch of watercress. Put into a bowl two tablespoonfuls of the best salad oil, salt and pepper to taste and, lastly, one dessertspoonful of vinegar. Into this stir the salad and, lastly, the cut up crab; mix in thoroughly. Place on a flat dish and garnish with slices of hard-boiled egg and cucumber. Stand the salad in a cool place till served. EMILIA.

THE BYSTANDER
6, GREAT NEW STREET, LONDON, E.C.4. *Telephone:* **Central 7511**
SUBSCRIPTION RATES

For 12 months (*Including Christmas Number*)		For 6 months		For 3 months	
U.K.	£3 3 0	U.K.	£1 11 6	U.K.	15s. 9d.
CANADA ..	£3 1 0	CANADA ..	£1 10 6	CANADA ..	15s. 3d.
ABROAD ..	£3 7 6	ABROAD ..	£1 13 9	ABROAD ..	17s. 6d.

In all cases including postage.

AS NATURE IS REFRESHED BY A SHOWER IN SUMMER SO HUMANITY IS REFRESHED BY THE USE OF WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

6D PER TABLET BATH SIZE 1/- PER TABLET

HELLO! LOBSTER!!
HELLO! SALAD!!
COME AND JOIN ME!
I AM
MAYONNATO
(TOMATO MAYONNAISE) Made by
BURGESS & SON
(OF ANCHOVY FAME).
Get your Grocer or Stores to supply you and you will ask for more.

Cuticura Promotes Permanent Hair Health

Shampoos with Cuticura Soap, with light applications of Cuticura Ointment when necessary, tend to free the scalp of dandruff and minor blemishes, and to establish a permanent condition of hair health.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 33, Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

☞ Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

A cool drink
A long drink
A good drink

It takes only a few minutes to make Barley Water with Robinson's "Patent" Barley—whereas it takes hours if pearl barley is used.

A recipe with every tin.

People who say there's no such thing as a good teetotal drink have never tasted Barley Water—made from Robinson's "Patent" Barley and flavoured with lemons.

ROBINSON'S "patent" BARLEY

KEEN, ROBINSON & CO., LTD.,
CARROW WORKS, NORWICH

Grey Hair

INECTO is the supreme recolourative of grey hair; it reproduces perfectly the natural colour of the hair, and restores the youthful tone and texture; it is no tiresome process, taking but thirty minutes to achieve the desired result. Inecto recolouration is permanent, and the hair may afterwards be permanently or marcel waved

INECTO

SALONS:

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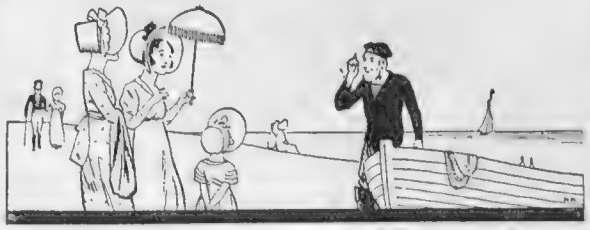
LONDON, W.1.



AU BORD DU MER

At the fashionable watering-place or the quaint little seaside village, clothes are important. Whether simple skirts and jumpers are worn or more elaborate frocks, freshness and daintiness are essential; hence the need of selecting the most suitable and sending those that are soiled, crumpled or faded for proper treatment before packing. And where to send them? To a firm of cleaners and dyers whose skill and thoroughness are beyond question.

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Head Office and Works: Hackney Wick, London, E.9

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15% DISCOUNT OFF

ALL BALLOON AND HIGH PRESSURE BALLONETTE

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We are giving this discount to enable motorists who do not take advantage of our free retreading scheme to get an advantage in price when buying our tyres and tubes.

The free retreading scheme is as follows:—

You send us, say, a 765 × 105 tyre of any make, the standard price for which is £3 15s. 0d. The charge for retreading this tyre is £2 3s. 9d., and that is what the first charge will be to you, but when you require a new tyre, you send us £3 15s. 0d. less the amount you have paid for the retreading of your tyre—that is, you deduct £2 3s. 9d. from £3 15s. 0d. You then get the new "Bal-lon-ette" tyre for £1 11s. 3d., saving the whole cost that you paid for retreading, or you can buy a new tyre and later send one (any make) to be retreaded free.

The word "reinforced" on a tyre means it has been brought up to a standard set by us—we, Associated Rubber Manufacturers, Ltd.—being the first British firm to put on the market the balloon tyre which we named "Ballonette." We, therefore, do not have to mark our tyres "reinforced," as we set the standard as regards the thickness of the cords or the number of plies necessary, especially in the size 730 × 130, or its equivalent in the straight side, the 28 × 4.95. We give this explanation because we are often asked if our tyres are reinforced.

We Guarantee the 3-Ribbed Tread we fit to your old cover for 8,000 miles and the "Bal-lon-ette" Cover 10,000 miles.

SPECIMEN PRICES

Sizes.	Standard List Price of New Cover.	Our Price to Retreading Customers.	Saving which is Cost of Retreading.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
765 × 105	3 15 0	1 11 3	2 3 9
815 × 105	4 2 0	1 15 3	2 6 9
820 × 120	5 5 0	2 6 9	2 18 3
730 × 130	3 14 0	1 18 3	1 15 9
28 × 4.95	3 5 0	1 9 3	1 15 9

Send any make or size of tyre for retreading to

OUR WORKS, ALMAGAM MILLS, HARPENDEN, HERTS.

Time taken—5 days.

Or you may leave them at our depots.

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NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: 38, Grey-st.
Associated Rubber Manufacturers, Ltd.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d. 1- 2- & 4-

J. Goddard & Sons Station Street, Leicester

Wave AND Curl WITH Hindes Hair Wavers YOUR Shingled Hair

SPHERE

OVAL-OCTO SUSPENDERS.

"I want to be sure of getting the best" is the slogan of the modern woman.

SPHERE OVAL-OCTO are unquestionably the best, they CANNOT CAUSE LADDERS.

The Suspender that ladies everywhere are finding ——to be the best they have ever worn.——

Ask your Draper for these Examples of value.

No. OV1.	1¼ in., Stout Elastic	1/1 pair
No. OV44.	1¼ in., Art Silk Elastic ..	1/6 "
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Manufactured by FAIRE BROS. & Co. Ltd., Leicester.

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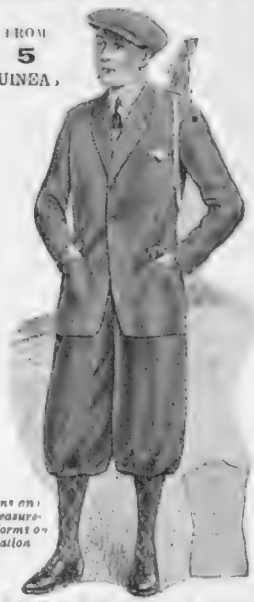
FROM 5 GUINEAS



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The Best and Creamiest Custard

Admired everywhere—the lingerie fabric that satisfies the

DESIRE FOR BEAUTY

It costs so little to buy this exquisite fabric of Horrockses . . . it requires such little effort to create from it dainty lingerie, that every woman can satisfy her love for beautiful underwear, easily and cheaply. "Fyne-Lawne" is one of Horrockses pure white fabrics of such quality and durability that it actually improves with washing. If you buy "Fyne-Lawne" you save in the original cost and in the length of time before renewal is necessary.

Horrockses Fyne-Lawne

Made by the makers of the World-famous Longcloth

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Real Shetland Jumpers for Children.

Soft as down and light as air these Shetland wool garments are at the same time thoroughly protective for children's wear. In the natural shades, fawn, murat, grey and white.

For 2	4	6	8	10	12 years
8/6	10/-	11/6	13/-	14/6	16/-

With Fair Isle borders, 3/- to 4/- extra.

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By Appointment

of WALPOLES'

BED, TABLE, & DOMESTIC LINENS

SUMMER SALE

Genuine Reductions. Guaranteed Qualities

To Save Satisfactorily— Buy at Walpoles'.

Now Proceeding

Our Illustrated SALE Catalogue is full of wonderful bargains. It will be sent post free on request

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UNBLEACHED LINEN SHEETS.
No. B2. The kind our great-grandmothers used, being gradually bleached whiter by exposure to sun and air after laundering, thereby increasing the durability. Hemmed. Heavy French make. Thoroughly shrunk, very strong. Will give endless wear.
Ordinary Single Bed Size, 2 × 3¼ yards — SALE PRICE Per pair **23/9**

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No. B1. Hemstitched. Fine light quality. Wonderful Value.
Size 20 × 30 in. — SALE PRICE Each **3/11**

IRISH LINEN FACE TOWELS.

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No. B56. Heavy Huckaback.		
Hemmed	Size 24×36 in.	doz. 21/6
„	„ 24×40 in.	„ 24/6
Hemstitched	„ 24×40 in.	„ 28/6

WALPOLES' IRISH LINENS
The finest the world produces

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Figure perfection on every occasion

Discomfort and embarrassment will never spoil your enjoyment of tennis, swimming, dancing or any other pastime, if you wear a Kestos Brassière.

Its scientific design gives complete support with freedom of movement, and persuades the figure into graceful, *natural* lines, so that the lightest frock or scantiest swimming suit can be worn with confidence.

Exquisitely dainty and unobtrusive, yet very durable, because carefully made of double silk, reinforced at wearing points.

Finest quality crêpe-de-chine, flesh pink	18/11
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KESTOS

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From better class stores everywhere in 3 sizes, small, medium and large, to fit almost any figure.

KESTOS, LTD. SCEPTRE HOUSE, 169, REGENT STREET, LONDON W.1.

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The gentle game of croquet was considered strenuous enough for ladies in our grandparents day. Demure Miranda of the last century was wont to ply her mallet with obvious restraint. Yet to counter her exertions, she did oft resort to Potter & Moore's exquisite Lavender Water.

Joan of 1927 permits of few restrictions. Clad in rough tweeds, or woollen sweater and shorts, she takes her part in the most masculine sport of the day. But, wafted on the breeze comes the sweet fragrance of Potter & Moore's Lavender Water. Time-honoured, it decks My Lady still.

Potter & Moore's

LAVENDER WATER SPECIALITIES

include Flasks, 1/- to 4/3. Concave Bottles. 1/6 to 14/6. Round Bottles, 14/6, 24/-, 25/-. L.G. Bottles, 15/6, 25/-, 47/-. Wickered Bottles, 2/6 to 32/6. Convex Bottles, 2/6, 4/6, 8/6. Ribbed Tubes with Glass Sprinklers, 2/6, 4/-. Bonzo (novelty) 2/6. Frozen Lavender Water, 3/6.

Potter & Moore's Toilet Requisites are prepared with scrupulous care and sold in the most artistic packings.

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Potter and Moore's Lavender Water and other Toilet Requisites are stocked by all leading Stores and Chemists in the United Kingdom.

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TO CHANGE OR NOT TO CHANGE

That moment comes to all of us when a stiff hill takes us unexpectedly. It's then you wish you'd filled with

Pratts

It pulls to the last drop

D.A. 905

LA BAULE

(BRITTANY)

SEASON APRIL TO OCTOBER.

The most lovely beach in Europe.

The finest climate—Delightful in Spring and Autumn.

3,000 Villas. Large Hotels. Tennis Club (25 Courts). Yachting. 18 hole Golf

August events include an Automobile Rally, Speed Trials, Dog Show, Fencing Competitions, Swimming Races, Physical Culture on the Beach, Prettiest Child Competition, Tennis.

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(GRANDE LUXE).

300 rooms, all with bath and telephone.

Four expresses daily, the night train with sleepers' Departure PARIS (Orsay).

If you have a motor-car, travel via Southampton-St. Malo; first-class boats and excellent roads. 70 miles to LA BAULE.

"It's the Tobacco that Counts"

PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT

TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES

ISSUED BY THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND), LIMITED.

"Summer" in Aertex, for Health's sake...

Know cool comfort in action or repose. Take your part unaffected by the heat of the day or the chill of the evening.

The myriad air-cells of AERTEX fabric provide fullest protection against changes of weather, allowing fresh air—Nature's insulation—to circulate freely. AERTEX gives coolness without chill, and warmth without discomfort. It keeps the body temperature even, conserves your energy, and imparts a feeling of fitness and freshness.

All the day, and all the night too AERTEX will guard your health and increase your bodily well-being.

AERTEX
UNDERWEAR

Obtainable from all Hosiers, Outfitters and Drapers. Manufactured by The Cellular Clothing Co. Ltd., 72, Fore St., London, E.C.2

THE CELLULAR CLOTHING CO. AERTEX LONDON

See this Trade Mark always.

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Garrould's

THE WELL-KNOWN HOUSE for UNIFORMS

As Supplied to:—

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SERVICE UNIFORMS

CAPS, APRONS, DRESSES, COLLARS, CUFFS, etc.

For WAITRESSES, PARLOUR MAIDS, HOUSEMAIDS, etc.

Catalogues containing over 40 illustrations of Maids' Uniforms Post Free.

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An exceptionally smart Maid's Afternoon Service Dress designed by Garrould and made in their own workrooms. In superior quality Alpaca.

Colours: Green, Saxe, Nigger Parma, Nut, Brown, Dove, Navy and Black.

Sizes: Small Women's and Women's.

Outsize and Special Measures extra.

Apron of white Hemstitched Lawn to button on shoulder 3/6. Organdie Cap with Velvet band, 1/11. Without Velvet band, 1/6.

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Maids' Outfitters,
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HINDES' HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical Certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, 2/6 or direct:—

HINDES, Ltd., 60, Parker Street, Kingsway, London.

Cope's 'HIGH CARD' Tobacco

BRIDGE COMPETITION No. 2 (May) RESULT

BIDDING

Z	A	Y	B
1 No Trump	No Bid	2 Spades	3 Hearts
3 Spades	4 Hearts	4 Spades	Double
No Bid	No Bid	No Bid	No Bid

PLAY

Tricks.	Z	A	Y	B
1	Club.... 4	Club.... 5	Club.... 3	Club ... K
2	Club.... Q	Club.... 6	Club.... 7	Club ... A
3	Spade .. 6	Spade .. 2	Spade .. 3	Spade .. A
4	Spade .. 8	Diamond 2	Spade .. 4	Spade .. 5
5	Diamond K	Diamond 3	Diamond 7	Diamond A
6	Heart .. A	Heart .. 5	Club.... 9	Heart .. 2
7	Diamond Q	Diamond 4	Diamond J	Diamond 6
8	Diamond10	Diamond 5	Diamond 9	Heart .. 3
9	Heart .. J	Heart .. 6	Spade .. 7	Heart .. 8
10	Spade .. 9	Club.... J	Club....10	Club.... 2
11	Spade .. Q	Diamond 8	Spade .. K	Club.... 8
12	Heart .. 4	Heart .. 7	Spade .. J	Heart ..10
13	Heart .. 9	Heart .. K	Spade ..10	Heart .. Q

(The card in heavy type wins the trick.)

WINNER OF MAY COMPETITION
MR. W. LAWS,
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The time for cold dishes; for Salads and all the delightful lighter meals; and any of them and all of them acquire a subtle delicacy, an added interest from a touch of

PANYAN PICKLE

Made by Maconochie Bros. Ltd. and sold by all Good Grocers

Antexema
CURES EVERY SKIN ILLNESS

A cooling, liquid cream for eczema, rashes, pimples, chaps, skin irritation, etc. Instant Relief. 1/3 and 3 pots. Supplied the world over. Estab. 1885.

"MENE"
TOWELS FOR LADIES

ANTISEPTIC ABSORBENT ECONOMICAL
HEALTHY CLEAN COMFORTABLE

Prove our assertion by asking your draper, or writing, Miss Haynes (Dept. P.), Robinson & Sons, Ltd., 163 Old Street, London, E.C.1

FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE.

DRINK MORE WATER
BERKEFELD FILTER BRITISH
Sardinia House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

Week-ends at Le Touquet

A SPECIAL RETURN SERVICE

will run every MONDAY MORNING from July 18th to September 5th inclusive (and on Tuesday, August 2nd, instead of Bank Holiday), as under:

ETAPLES	... ...	dep. 7.26 a.m.
BOULOGNE	... ...	dep. 8.30 a.m.
FOLKESTONE	...	arr. 10.0 a.m.
CHARING CROSS		*arr. 12.15 p.m.*

Back in time for Business!

WEEK-END FARES:

London to Etaples, 1st class 71/6
London to Boulogne, 1st class, 62/2; 2nd class, 44/6; 3rd class, 33/6.

PASSPORTS REQUIRED FOR WEEK END TICKETS TO ETAPLES BUT NOT TO BOULOGNE.

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THE KEY TO THE CONTINENT SR

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NO NETWORK. NO FRAGILE PARTS. SECURE.

ALL ROUND TRANSFORMATIONS (as sketch)

With NATURAL PARTING From 6 Guineas

SEMI Ditto from 5 Guineas

TOUPETS from £4 17 6

DURABLE and HARD WEARING

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Artistic Perfection in every detail

A Selection of Chignons, Switches, etc., always in Stock.

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Inventors, Patentees, and Sole Manufacturers and Vendors of the widely popular WOODVILLE Transformations. Maison de Confiance.

Fitted Cases for Travelling and Motoring at

GAMAGES

Always a large Selection

FOR EVERY OCCASION

"THAMES VALLEY" TEA BASKET

Contents 2 persons size (as illus.). Kettle (with brass screw lid and spout), tea infuser, wind guard, lamp and spirit container, wicker-covered milk bottle, tea and sugar canister, biscuit box, 2 each enamel cups, saucers, and plates, butter jar, 1 knife and 2 teaspoons. 4 persons size as above, with necessary extra fittings. 2 persons. Size 12×9×7 **29/6**
4 persons. Size 14×12½×7 **43/-**

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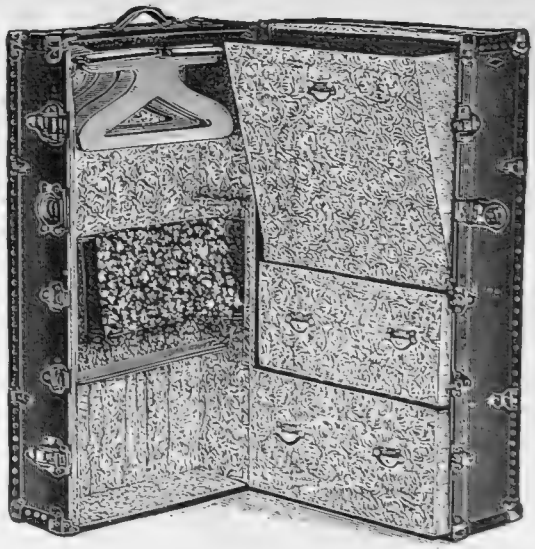

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Spécialité
£6 6 0
Costumes and Coats

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Don't fail to call and order a SMEE'S.

Advanced selection of **New Summer** goods.

Remember every garment is personally cut and fitted by Mr. Smee.

Riding Habits from £9.9.0

If not able to call send for my self-measurement form and patterns. Mr. Smee will give his same personal attention and you will say, as many have, "I am delighted."

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Your Country Bungalow Home

The charm of Bungalow life depends largely upon the design and construction of the building. Browne & Lilly are world-famed for the cosiness of their designs and for the excellence of their construction work. Only the finest well-seasoned materials are used and the workmanship is of the best.

Above is shown a cottage home planned to give maximum comfort in minimum space. Inclusive of carriage charges, erection, foundations, stoves, baths, fittings, etc., its price is only £770.

Write for our Free Illustrated 104-page Catalogue No. 102, showing many types of Motor Houses, Chalets, and Bungalows, etc.

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The confidence of a shaver in the choice of a razor is never misplaced when his choice is a

KROPP

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From all hairdressers, cutlers, stores, etc.

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Queen's Hotel—Boulevard Victor Hugo, Nice. All comfort; 2 restaurants; silver grill; American bar open all year; 1st class family hotel.

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IT is then that the beauty of the well-cared-for nails becomes most evident. You will never need—or wish—to hide your nails if you safeguard their appearance by regular use of Kraska.

Every chemist and hairdresser stocks Kraska preparations.

Nail Polish (rose or natural) 2/9, 1/8, 1/2.
Cuticle Cream, 1/2. Hand Balm, 1/2.
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Nicotine and Stain Remover, 2/-.

Clynol Berries
For OBESITY.
Price 4/- and 6/6 per package.
From all Chemists.
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JACKEL'S CREAM
FOR THE HAIR
The Original
And still the Best
SOLD EVERYWHERE
1/9 PER BOTTLE 2/6
The original cream on sale for over 60 years.

A Novel and Remunerative Hobby.

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is twenty times more valuable than the finest sheep's wool, and Angora Rabbits yield from three to four crops every year. 35/- per lb. is paid for Angora Wool and the demand exceeds the supply. The breeding and maintenance is simple and inexpensive.

All details are given in standard guide:—
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Miss Lilian Davies

The World Famous Actress says:

"I would like to express my great appreciation of the wonderful efficiency of your Electric Comb. *My hair is now more luxuriant than ever.* I find the twice-daily electric hair treatment, so admirably given by your comb, amazingly beneficial and exceptionally convenient."

Lilian Davies

WOMEN TO GO BALD.

TIGHT HAT MENACE TO THE SHINGLED.

"The present generation of young women will certainly go bald," said Dr. Leonard Williams, in a lecture last night under the auspices of the New Health Society at 11, Chandos-street, W.

"Most women are now shingled, and they wear tight hats like men; with the result that when they get to the age of about thirty or forty they will find their hair falling out. *Daily Mirror.*

Science ends the menace of BALDNESS THIN HAIR LOSS of HAIR

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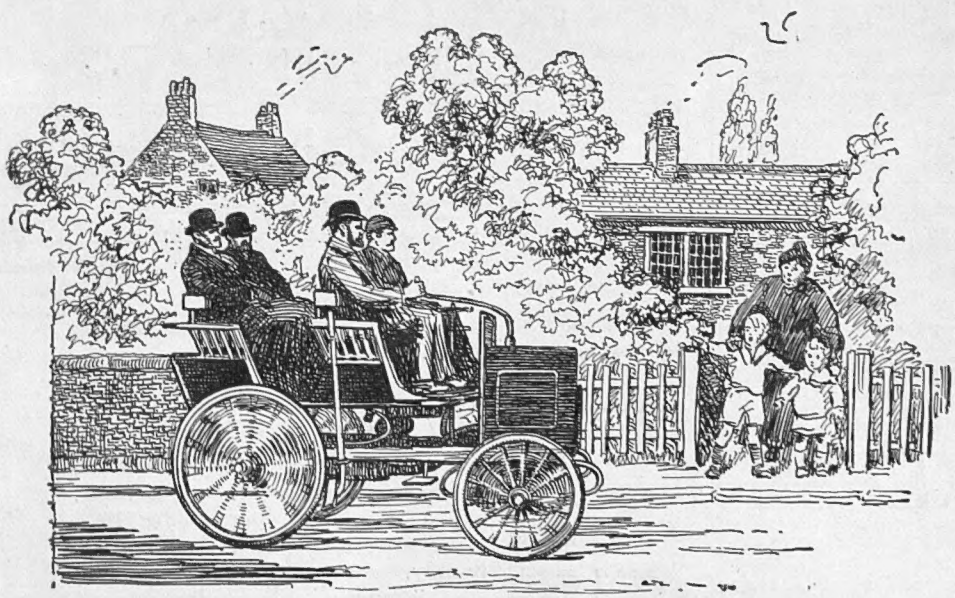

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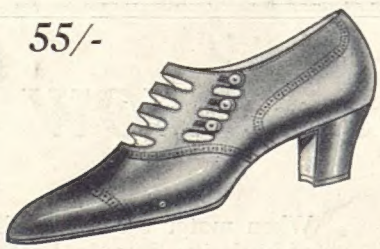

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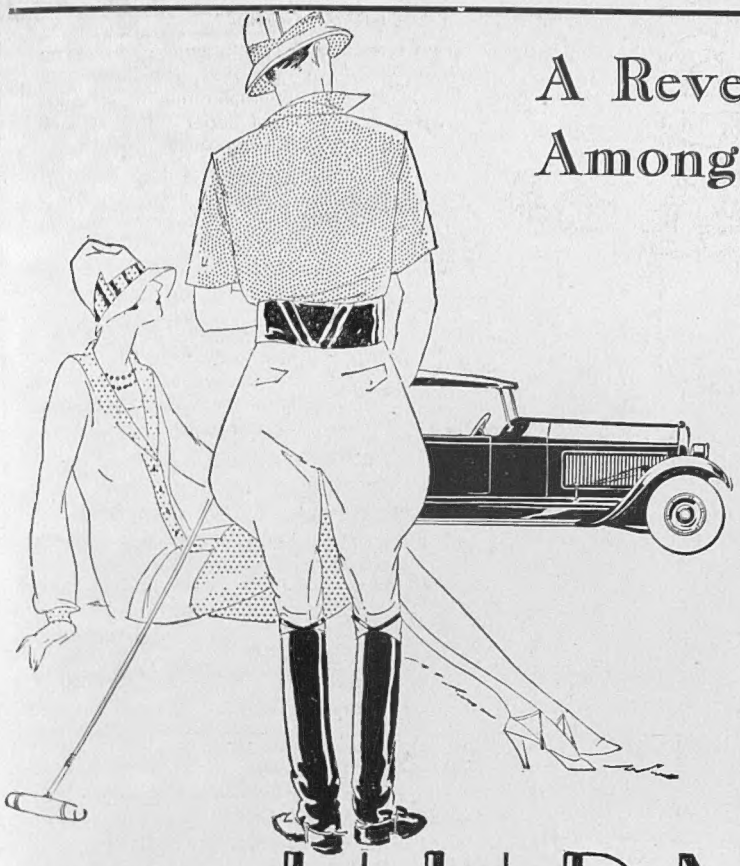

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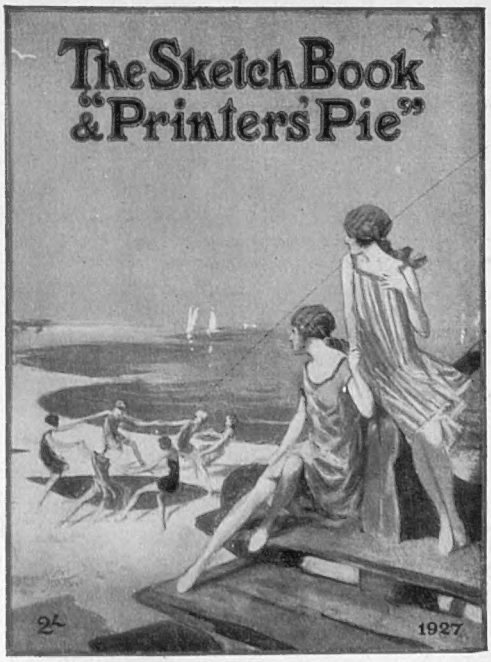

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Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.